

FIRE CHIEF ISSUES WARNINGS

**Asks All to Co-operate With
the Firemen in Prevent-
ing Fire Losses**

FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING

Do the people in the business district ever stop to think, or realize the amount of fire dangers to which we are exposed to in our little village almost every day?

Maybe you don't have time to see these things or have become so accustomed to them that they are overlooked. But there is a body of men in this town called the Antioch Volunteer Fire department that are seeing these things, and every meeting night they are talked about. They have finally decided to take steps and are going to give the careless ones just one chance to know where they stand and that is by printing a few rules on fire protection, which are as follows:

That in all public buildings where people gather, the door of same should and must open outward.

All chimneys and flues should be inspected before starting your stoves for winter.

No person, firm, company or corporation shall store or keep any dynamite, nitro chloride or other explosive compound within three hundred yards of any inhabited dwelling.

Gasoline cans must be painted red and marked "gasoline." The lettering of these cans shall not be less than one-half inch in height. A very heavy fine comes under this law.

Of all the items of natural waste there is none which reach such appalling figures as does the waste from fire.

Have you taken due precaution for the handling of gasoline, naphtha, gunpowder, explosives and dangerous oils?

Do you allow an open flame for lighting in the basement, which may set fire to combustible material.

Do you permit electric lamp cords in your show windows, which frequently short circuit and cause fires?

Do you allow electric light cords to be hung over nails?

Do you realize the danger of using inflammable material which may be ignited by electric wires or open lights and spread fires?

Have you provided reliable chemical extinguishers and water pails?

The tip over bi-carbonate of soda extinguisher is one of the best manufactured and has been approved by the Board of Underwriters.

The Pyrene extinguisher is especially efficient in gasoline and kerosene fires, and in some cases is preferable to the bi-carbonate of soda extinguisher because of the fact that the contents do not freeze in ordinary temperature.

Have you provided a metal receptacle for rubbish and do you empty it each day? Many fires are caused by spontaneous combustion in rubbish which accumulates in cellars and basements.

Have you accumulations of waste paper, excelsior, packing boxes, etc., in your basement, especially liable to fire?

Have you examined your furnace or stove to ascertain if it is safe and if the surrounding woodwork is amply protected therefrom? Twenty per cent of all fires are caused by defective flues and chimneys.

Have you provided a metal can for holding ashes?

Have you pointed out to your employees the fact that ordinary matches cause fifteen per cent of all fires and many deaths, and that they are especially dangerous when handled?

Further, do you realize that in lessening fire waste you lessen your insurance taxation, also your taxation for public fire protection, which annually costs about fifty per cent of the yearly business construction?

The above was mailed to the secretary of the local fire department from the State Fire Marshall at Springfield for the purpose of causing him to look into these things and notify the people that are careless in fire protection.

In case of a bad fire caused by some careless, neglectful person the local fire department would feel to blame for same, for if they can't stop careless habits in this regard, the State will soon take a hand when once they are notified. So all we ask is your co-operation and we will do our best to make Antioch a model little village in which to make our homes.

Wm. J. Christian,
Fire Marshall.

DIES WHILE RIDING IN FRIENDS AUTO

There was a sad ending to an auto-party which was bound from Chicago to Antioch Sunday morning, when one of the men in the car collapsed and passed away almost immediately afterward in Grayslake. The unfortunate victim of heart's disease was Adriaiah Robin, a pressman whose home was in Chicago.

With his wife, Mr. Robin was accompanying a friend, Ralph Fields to Antioch, where they expected to spend Sunday and Labor day in an outing.

A sufferer with Bright's disease for some time although he was a man of only 30 years, the deceased was likewise a victim of heart trouble. He was not feeling in the best of health when the trip was begun, but made no complaint.

While the party was traveling through the streets of Grayslake, Mrs. Robin was attracted by her husband's taking two deep breaths.

"Anything the matter Adriaiah?" she inquired.

"Nothing," he answered and almost immediately fell in a faint.

Mr. Field turned his machine about when he noticed his guest's collapse and took the man to the office of Dr. John Palmer, but he was dead by the time the office was reached.

An inquest was held Sunday afternoon.

WORK ON BUSINESS BASIS

City Parks Association of Philadelphia, Might Well Be Copied in Other Communities.

The City Parks association has for a good many years now performed a most useful function for Philadelphia. It has managed to combine and concentrate the efforts of a large number of civic organizations upon a certain definite line of endeavor. This was originally, as its name indicates, the creation of a comprehensive park system—the enlargement of existing breathing spaces, the creation of new ones and the linking of all into a well-ordered system. While this great work is still in the making, the association has expanded its functions and it has done yeoman service in keeping alive high ideals of city planning, teaching the people of Philadelphia the importance of the larger vision in dealing with problems of urban beautification and pointing out far ahead of their actual realization the great works which must be carried through if Philadelphia is to continue to be a city of homes, alive to the progress of the times, a beautiful as well as a comfortable place to live and work in.

Bride's Background.
Aunt—"Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar." Nephew—"You don't, eh? Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids she has selected."

TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE VERA CRUZ INCIDENT.

In the Spring of 1914, occurred the capture of Vera Cruz. Men from one of our ships had been arrested at Tampico and had been discharged with an apology. But our Admiral demanded a salute, which was refused. Thereupon the President went to Congress, asking authority to use the armed forces of the United States. Without waiting for the passage of the resolution, Vera Cruz was seized. It appeared that a shipload of ammunition for Huerta was about to enter that port. There was a natural opposition to this invasion and a battle occurred in which nineteen Americans and over a hundred Mexicans were killed. This, of course was war. Our dead soldiers were praised for dying like heroes in a war of service. Later, we retired from Vera Cruz, giving up this noble warfare. We had not obtained the salute which was demanded. We had not obtained reparation for affronts. The ship with ammunition which could not land at Vera Cruz had soon landed at another port, and its cargo was delivered to Huerta without interference. Recently the naked truth was admitted by a Cabinet officer. We are now informed that "we did not go to Vera Cruz to force Huerta to salute the flag." We are told that we went there "to show Mexico that we were in earnest in our demand that Huerta must go." That is, we seized Vera Cruz to depose Huerta. The question of the salute was a mere pretext.—From Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance.

BOARD RECEIVES ORDER

**River and Harbor Commission
Says Sequoit Creek Must
Not Be Polluted**

MUST CHANGE BY JUNE 1

Wednesday of this week, was the day set by the Rivers and Harbors Commission for the Village board of Antioch, together with Village Attorney, E. M. Runyard and Consulting Engineer, Emerson, to appear before them in their office in Chicago, the board being summoned to answer to the charge of polluting Sequoit creek.

Accordingly the president and the entire board put in their appearance at the appointed time. The chairman of the committee opened the hearing by placing on the stand the state engineer who took the samples of water from the creek, for analysis, some few weeks ago. He testified to the conditions as he found them, and stated that the analysis proved that the sanitary conditions here were very bad. D. A. Williams and H. Bock, upon whose complaint the investigation was begun, were present, and by their testimony, backed up the statements set forth in the original complaint. Mr. Emerson was then called upon and he testified that he had already made a survey of the village, having been employed by the board to do so, with the idea of installing a sewer system, and he also explained just how far the matter had progressed.

The members of the board were then given an opportunity to present their side of the case and advance their reasons, if any they had, why a sewer should not be installed in the streets at the earliest possible date. None of the board appeared to be in a talkative mood, but one was heard to say that he didn't think it could be done this fall. The chairman of the commission then handed out his ultimatum and in plain terms ordered the board to abate the nuisance of a polluted creek before June 1, 1917, as he considered that ample time to get a sewer installed.

The situation is now in the hands of the state. The state says clean up Sequoit creek in nine months time. We have no voice and no choice in the matter. Our village board must obey the instructions they have received, or be held in contempt, which would mean a costly litigation for our village, and submission, in the end.

Milwaukee's Trees.
One of the charms of Milwaukee, a charm not so distinctive as it should be, is the shade trees along the streets.

Greater care should be taken of these trees. They should be protected against vandals and against destructive insects. They should receive other care that many of them do not get. Instead of being permitted to grow in a helter-skelter way, for instance, they should be pruned. The elm tree, naturally a thing of rare beauty, is not pleasing to the eye when ragged branches reach almost to the ground.

The trees that adorn our streets are a boon to the community. They give the city a touch of nature that nothing else can give. The community which benefits so greatly from their presence should take care of them. Nobody can do this except experts, men who know the different kinds of trees and their habits. Milwaukee has been suffering for years, and is suffering more than ever today, from lack of scientific management of shade trees.

Milwaukee needs a city forester.—Milwaukee Journal.

When They're Absent.
We are against betting on the sublime moral principle that of all the darn guessers who tell you what a fool bet you made, not one ever comes around when you have won to say what a chump he was.—Milwaukee Journal.

He Realized Its Truth.
"It was Shakespeare, wasn't it, who said: 'Sweet are the uses of adversity?'" "Shakespeare may have said it originally, but I heard it from a lawyer who had pocketed 65 per cent of an estate."—Boston Transcript.

FAILS TO HEAR TRAIN; DEATH IS INSTANTANEOUS

To the Soo Line is charged up, another life, taken late Sunday night at Grayslake. The victim of the unfortunate circumstances was Enoch Turpin, 50 years old and one of the sewer gang now working in that village.

Turpin was killed while he was walking up the track, evidently deaf to the sound of the northbound passenger train which was approaching from the rear. The man was thought to have been intoxicated, having just returned from a two day's stay in Chicago, where, according to accounts, he had loaded up heavily with the cup that cheers.

When the engine struck him, he was thrown sixty feet and instantly killed. His neck was broken, several ribs crushed in pressing on his heart, the left arm broken and the shoulder fractured.

Turpin had been living under an assumed name for reasons best known to himself, traveling under the cognomen of Clarke. Letters found in his pocket however, identified him as Turpin. The messages were from two sisters and from a son. Inference is that his wife was dead.

After the identification had been established, the authorities at once got into touch with the relatives in Indiana and plan is to send the body there, shipping it from Grayslake. Inquest was held in the Strang undertaking rooms Tuesday afternoon.

FAIR SCHOOLS GET RESULTS

Boys and Girls Get Good Education in Short Time on Special Subjects.

SPECIAL PRIZES OFFERED

**Programs Scheduled for This Year
Are Better Than Ever—Only the
Best Educators Hired by
State Board.**

Boys and girls lucky enough to attend the Illinois state fair schools this year will have the treat of their lives. The fair dates are September 15 to 23. The programs arranged for this year are more instructive and entertaining than any in the six years' history of the schools. Only the best educators will be in charge.

The entire enrollment of the boys' state fair is 1,249 boys. Two or more boys according to the population will be selected this year from each county, according to the population, while 25 will be admitted from Cook county and 25 from the state at large.

The aim of the school is to offer a well-selected body of young men to work under systematic study and observation, observing the agricultural, live-stock and mechanical exhibits at the state fair. The result is that the people of the state are more fully interested in the achievements of the state as shown in its greatest exhibit.

In each county a committee composed of the superintendent of schools, chairman of the board of supervisors and president of the county farmers' institute has been assigned to pass on boys who wish to attend the state fair school.

Two special prizes are offered for the 1916 fair. Both the city and country boy making the best report on the school, will receive a medal and \$10 in cash. The honor is well worth trying for.

The school is under the department of education and under the direct supervision of Dr. J. D. Robertson. The members of the commission in charge are Hon. Francis G. Blair, state superintendent of public instruction; George F. Tullock, president of farmers' institute, Rockford; Dr. Eugene Davenport, dean of the college of agriculture, Urbana; Prof. Edgar C. Pruitt, county superintendent of schools, Springfield, and H. A. McKeene, secretary of the boys' state fair school, Springfield.

The girls' domestic science and household training school is also receiving special attention this year. The Woman's building has been refurnished and is a nice place for the scores of young ladies to take a vacation, incidentally learning household problems under the eye of trained experts. The school will be in session from September 7 to September 22.

All the problems in household work, including proper sanitary measures, the preparation of well-balanced diets and the care of the home, both with the view of cleanliness and family happiness, will be given consideration by the instructors. The girls always report a happy and fruitful time from their work in the school.

SHORT INTERESTING ITEMS

**Clippings Taken From Our
Exchanges That Interest
Many Readers**

PAST AND COMING EVENTS

A couple of mail bags were looted by thieves at the Rondout station last week.

Farmers of Lake county declare that their potato crop will be very small this year.

Up to last Thursday there had been killed 10,857 rats in Delavan by the expert engaged to kill the rats of the city.

The people of Hebron are rejoicing over the news that their new electric lighting system is to be installed.

Chas. Perkins, a well known Mukwonago resident, while helping thresh on the Bradley farm, was overcome by the heat and went to lie down under a tree, where he was found dead a little later by one of the threshers.

A big automobile, evidently tired of waiting for its owner, left the curbing of one of Lake Geneva's streets and did not stop until it had gone some fifty feet into the lake. Outside of a thorough washing, the machine remained undamaged.

After hanging fire for several years, the electric road between Marengo and Harvard is to be completed. Work of laying the rails has already begun and, in view of the fact that the road bed has been completed for several years, the completion of the road is looked for at an early date.

When Fred Patnaude of Lake Geneva saw a man peeping in his window one night last week he picked up a shot gun and pulled the trigger, the shot penetrated the thigh of Harry Parker, a Lake Geneva man. Patnaude was locked up and later released. The victim of the shooting will recover. Quite a number of residents of that city have been annoyed by a window peeper recently.

Z. G. Simmons, president of Simmons Company, is to have the handsomest residence in Kenosha and one of the handsomest in the entire middle west. It will be located on Durkee avenue on the whole city block bounded by Ohio and Indiana street. For weeks real estate agents have been taking options on property in this block and now all of the options are taken up and the land purchased, the purchase price of the property being between fifty and sixty thousand dollars and it is the record price ever paid for a site for a home in Kenosha.

Unwise City Administrations.

Any city administration whose acts are prompted by petty jealousies and whose officials, either elected or appointed, refrain from performing the duties they owe the people because of those jealousies, ought to be impeached. Honest, efficient service cannot be rendered the people when their public servants have such a narrow vision that they fail to appreciate the value of public opinion, and therefore commit those acts which prove that such narrowness of vision really exists. The public servants who accomplish public good are men of broad vision, whose first aim is real public service, and not self-advertising and personal glorification. Jealousy can allow murderers to escape; permit incompetents to remain in office; create inefficiency in official labors, and bring about a chaotic condition so apparent to the people that they cannot fail to see it. Some cities are today suffering from just such causes.—South Bend Tribune.

Had Heard It Before.

Billy, dressed in his best and perched in grandfather's big chair, surveyed the guests seated about the room. During a lull in the conversation a man said: "Well, Billy, you are a pretty fine boy." Billy answered, "Yes, they say I am."

Feathers.

"A man might succeed in feathering his own nest," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "if so much of his money did not go towards putting them on his wife's hats."

DEATH OF HERBERT ROY HARROWER

Friday evening at nine twenty o'clock death came into the home of Wm. T. Harrower and claimed as its victim, Herbert Roy, the nineteen years old son of Mr. Harrower.

Bert as he was usually called had been in poor health for the past two years and had been confined to his bed every since a year ago last April, tuberculosis being the cause of his illness, through which he was ever patient and cheerful. At various times he appeared to be on the gain, and at those times would express a strong belief that he would regain his health, and he never lost a strong desire for recovery.

He was born at Evanston, May 21, 1897, and when a small child moved with the family to Waukegan where he lived until six years ago when the family came to Antioch to make their home. Here he united with the M. E. church and at this place he also joined the Court of Honor, being a member of Irwin Dist. Court.

He is survived by his father, two sisters, and two brothers, besides a large circle of school mates and friends.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church, Sunday morning, with Rev. E. K. Hester officiating. The remains were taken to Waukegan for interment by the side of his mother.

PLAN YOUR HOUSE WISELY

Your Own Interests and the Interests of the City Alike Demand Care in Building.

One factor often overlooked in fixing the value of a house is the mistakes in judgment that often occur in planning and locating it.

"You have often heard the remark, 'There stands a \$5,000 house on a \$3,000 street.'"

Meaning that while the house pointed out cost \$5,000 to build, the other houses on the street average only \$3,000.

Such mistakes in judgment in building would be less frequent if two ideas were kept in mind by more people when building.

Real estate men have found that, as a general rule, a ratio of about three to one should exist between the value of a single family dwelling and the value of the land it occupies.

Also, houses should be made to harmonize with other buildings in the block. Keep these two facts in mind when buying.

Then—fine houses are sometimes built near undesirable surroundings, such as noisy factories, lively stables and the like—which are sure to lessen the value of the house.

Under mistakes in planning comes the "freak" house, built to suit some man's personal whim. Such a house may be very costly and yet not at all salable.

The cost of unusual or unduly ornate fixtures and decorations is generally disregarded in fixing the value of a building.

These things must all be considered in fixing the value of a house—in connection with the cost to replace, depreciation and obsolescence, if any.

IN PREPAREDNESS THE ADMINISTRATION HAS FOLLOWED, NOT LED.

In the demand for reasonable preparedness the Administration has followed, not led. Those who demanded more adequate forces were first described as "nervous and excited." Only about a year and a half ago we were told that the question of preparedness was not a pressing one; that the country had been misinformed. Later, under the pressure of other leadership, this attitude was changed. The Administration, it was said, had "learned something" and it made a belated demand for an increased army. Even then, the demand was not prosecuted consistently and the pressure exerted on Congress with respect to other Administrative measures was notably absent.

We are told that the defects revealed by the present mobilization are due to the "system." But it was precisely such plain defects that under the constant warnings of recent years, with the whole world intent on military concerns, should have been studied and rectified. The Administration has failed to discharge its responsibilities. Apparently, it is now seeking to meet political exigencies by its naval program. But it has imposed upon the country an incompetent naval administration.—From Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance.

The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight. I inspect my farm and go to board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me to hire a carpenter and a farmer. Hard Cider, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees. Hard Cider builds book-cases around the twin fireplaces. Mrs. Temple hires Mrs. Pillig for me as a housekeeper, and announces the coming of a new boarder from New York, a half-sick young woman who needs the country air. I discover that Stella Goodwin will make a delightful companion and believe she ought not to return to the hot and dusty city for a long time. I squeeze her hand lovingly. Together we dedicate "Twin Fires." I surprise her by vowing to the brook and enjoy a delightful thrill. Mrs. Pillig, my housekeeper, arrives with her son Peter and his dog Buster. I wonder if I love her. We take a quiet walk by the brook.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

John and Stella have been up to see the pool for the last time before she leaves. They are walking hand in hand through the woods. They halt to wait for the thrush to sing.

And then, as we waited, our eyes meeting, suddenly he sang, far off across the tamaracks, one perfect call, and silence again. Her face was a glimmering radiance in the dusk. Her hand was warm in mine. Slowly my face sank toward hers, and our lips met—met for an instant when we were not masters of ourselves, when the bird song and the whispering pines wrought their pagan spell upon us.

Another instant, and she stood away from me, one hand over her mouth, one hand on her panting breast, and fright in her eyes. Then, as suddenly, she laughed. It was hardly a nervous laugh. It welled up with the familiar gurgle from her throat.

"John Upton," she said, "you are a bad man. That wasn't what the thrush said at all."

"I misunderstood," said I, recovering more slowly, and astounded by her mood.

"I'll not reproach you, since I, a philologist, misunderstood for a second myself," she responded. "Hark!"

There was a sudden sound of steps and crackling twigs in the grove behind us, and Buster emerged upon the path, hot on our scent. He made a dab with his tongue at my hand, and then fell upon Miss Goodwin. She sank to her knees and began to caress him, very quickly, so that I could not see her face.

"Stella," said I, "Buster has made a friend of you. That's always a great compliment from a dog."

She kept her face buried in his neck.



Her Eyes Looked Frankly Into Mine.

An instant longer, and then her eyes lifted to mine. "Yes—John," she said. "And now I must go home to pack my trunk."

"Let me drive you to the station in the morning," said I, as we emerged from the grove, in this sudden strange, calm intimacy, when no word had been spoken, and I, at least, was quite in the dark as to her feelings.

She shook her head. "No, I go too early for you. You—you mustn't try to see me."

For just a second her voice wavered.

She stopped for a last look at Twin Fires. "Nice house, nice garden, nice brook," she said, and added, with a little smile, "nice rose trellis." Then we walked up the road, and at Bert's door she put out her hand.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by," I answered.

Her eyes looked frankly into mine. There was nothing there but smiling friendship. The fingers did not tremble in my grasp.

"I shall write," said I, controlling my voice with difficulty, "and send you pictures of the garden."

"Yes, do."

She was gone. I walked slowly back to my dwelling. I had kept my resolution. Yet how strangely I had kept it! What did it mean? Had I been strong? No. Had she made me keep it? Who could say? All had been so sudden—the kiss, her springing away, her abrupt, astonishing laughter. But she had not reproached me, she had not been righteously angry, nor, still less, absurd. She had thought it, perhaps, but the mood of the place and hour, and understood. That was fine, generous! Few women, I thought, would be capable of it. Stella! How pleasant it had been to say the name! Then the memory of her kiss came over me like a wave, and my supper stood neglected, and all that evening I sat staring idly at my manuscripts and stroking Buster's head.

Yes, I had kept my resolution—and felt like a fool, a happy, hopeless fool!

CHAPTER XII.

I Go to New York.

I shall not here recount the events on the farm during the weeks which followed Miss Stella's departure. They did not particularly interest me. My whole psychological make-up had been violently shaken, the centers of attention had been shifted, and I was constantly struggling for a readjustment which did not come. The post office appealed to me more than the peas, and I labored harder over my photographs of the sundial beds than over the beds themselves. I sent for a ray filter and a wide-angle lens, spending hours in experiment and covering a plank in front of the south door with printing frames.

I had written to her the day after she had departed, but no reply came for a week, and then only a brief little note, telling me it was hot in town and conveying her regards to the roses. I, too, waited a week—though it was hard—and then answered, sending some photographs, one of them a snapshot of a bird on the edge of the bath, one of them of Buster sitting on his hind legs. Again she answered briefly, merrily, conveying her especial regards to Buster, but ending with a plaintive little postscript about the heat.

A few days later a box came addressed to Buster in my care. I opened it in Buster's presence, indeed literally beneath his nose. On top was a small package, tied with blue ribbon, and labeled "For Buster." It proved to be a dog biscuit, which the recipient at once took to the hearth and began upon. Beneath this was a note, which I opened with eager fingers.

Darling Buster: Your waggish epistle received and contents noted. The limits of the canine intelligence are probably responsible for your mistake in assigning the term glumness to what you observe in Master John, when it is really lack of occupation. You see, dear Buster, he has got Twin Fires so far under the time, so he doesn't work at it all the time, so he ought to be at his writing of stories, made up of big dictionary words which I am defining or inventing for him down here in a very hot, dirty, dusty, smelly town. Tell him that's all the trouble. He has a reaction from his first farming enthusiasm, and doesn't realize that the thing to do is to go to work on the new line, his line. For it is his line, you know, Buster.

Underneath this you'll find something to give him, with my best wishes for sunshine on the dear garden. I'd kiss you, Buster, only dogs are terribly germey.

STELLA.

P. S.—That is a nice pool, isn't it?

I sat on the floor with the letter in my lap, smiling happily over it. Then I took the last package out of the box. It was heavy, evidently metal. Removing the papers, I held in my hand an old bronze sundial plate, a round one to fit my column, and upon it, freshly engraved, the ancient motto: HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

My first thought was of its cost. She couldn't afford it, the silly, generous girl! She'd bought it, doubtless, at one of those expensive New York antique shops, and then taken it to an engraver's, for further expense. I ought not to accept it. Yet how could I refuse? I couldn't. I hugged it to my heart, and fairly ran to the dial post. Buster at my heels. Yes, I had no longer any doubts. I wanted her. I should always want her. Twin Fires was incomplete, I was incomplete, life was incomplete, without her.

At six I stopped work, amazed to find the plot of a story in my head. Heaven knows how it got there, but there it was, almost as full-statured as Minerva when she sprang from the head of Jove, though considerably less

glacial. I even had the opening sentence all ready framed—to me always the most difficult point of story or essay, except the closing sentence. Nor did this tale appear to be one I had incubated in the past, and which now popped up above the "threshold" from my subconsciousness. It was a brand-new plot, a perfect stranger to me. The phenomenon interested me almost as much as the plot. The tale grew even clearer as I took my bath, and haunted me during supper, so that I was peremptory in my replies to poor Mrs. Pillig and refused to aid Peter that evening with his geography.

"Tomorrow," said I, vaguely, going into my study and locking the door.

I worked all that evening, got up at midnight to forage for a glass of milk and a fresh supply of oil for my lamp, and returned to my desk to work till four, when the sun astonished me. The



"You Mean My Farm," I Said.

story was done. Instead of going to bed, I went down in the cool of the young morning, when only the birds were astir, and took my bath in Stella's pool. Then I went to the dew-drenched peas vines and began to pick peas.

Here Mike found me, with nearly half a bushel gathered, when he appeared early to pick for market.

"It's the early bird gets the peas," said I.

"It is surely," he laughed. "You might say you had a telephone call to get up—only these ain't telephones."

"Mike!" I cried, "a pun before breakfast!"

"Shure, I've had me breakfast," said he.

Which reminded me that I hadn't. I went in the house to get it, reading over and correcting my manuscript as I ate. After breakfast I put on respectable clothes, tucked the manuscript in my pocket, and mounted the seat of my farm wagon, beside Mike. Behind us were almost two bushels of peas and several bunches of tall, juicy, red rhubarb stalks from the old hills we found on the place. Mike had greatly enriched the soil, and grown the plants in barrels.

"Well, I'm a real farmer now," said I.

"Ye are, surely," Mike replied.

"Them's good peas, if they was planted late."

We drove past the golf links and the summer hotel, to the market, where I was already known. I found, and greeted by name as I entered.

"I'll buy anything you'll sell me," said the proprietor, "and be glad to get it. Funny thing about this town, the way folks won't take the trouble to sell what they raise. Most of the big summer estates have their own gardens, of course, but there's nearly a hundred families that don't, and four boarding houses, and the hotels. Why, the hotels send to New York for vegetables—if you can beat that! Guess all the farmers with any gumption have gone to the cities."

"Well," said I, "I'm not farming for my health, which has always been good. I've got more than a bushel of peas out there."

"Peas!" cried the market man.

"Why, I have more demands for peas than I can fill. The folks who could sell me peas won't plant 'em 'cause it's too much trouble or expense to provide the brush. I'll give you eight cents a quart for peas today."

"This is too easy," I whispered to Mike, as we went out to get the baskets.

I sold my rhubarb, also, and came away with a little book in which there was entered to my credit \$4.16 for peas and \$1.63 for rhubarb. I put the book proudly in my pocket, for it represented my first earnings from the farm, and, mounting the farm wagon again, told Mike to drive me to the hotel.

As we pulled up before the veranda, the line of old ladies in rockers focused their eyes upon us.

"Shure," whispered Mike, "they look like they was hung out to dry!"

I went up the steps and into the office, where the hotel proprietor suavely greeted me, asked after my health, and inquired how my "estate" was getting on.

"You mean my farm," said I.

With some new money in his pockets and prospects bright, it looks like our young friend is about ready to go get Stella.

Doesn't it strike you about that way?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WEDS FRENCHMAN ON HER DEATHBED

Pretty Peggie Gillespie Keeps Her Promise to Marry Wealthy Admirer.

WAS NOTABLE FIGURE

Famous Beauty, Born in Little Pennsylvania City, Set Fashions for World and Shone Among Elite of Europe.

Paris.—In Paris a few days ago there died at the age of thirty-four one of the most romantic characters of France—an American girl, Peggie Gillespie by name, who began life in the little Pennsylvania city of Punksutawney. Even her end was spectacular, for on her deathbed she married Henry Letellier, one of the wealthiest of Frenchmen.

Peggie Gillespie spent most of her early life in Pittsburgh, where she was married to George McClelland. But several years ago she went to France and immediately became a prominent figure in society and on the race courses.

For a long time she was the model of fashion and did much to set the styles of women's dress in Europe and America. Because of her extravagance and daring eccentricities she was described by a French writer as ranking with the reckless beauties of the Second empire.

But as long ago as 1909 a cloud began to shadow her life. When a consultation of physicians was called to consider her health, it was found that she was a victim of tuberculosis. She was ordered to the south of France, and at Hyeres she lived for a time in a tent with a special kitchen, two motor cars and a train of servants. But she did not stay long away from Paris.

A Star in the World of Fashion.

For years little Peggie Gillespie, by her wit and charm and the dash with which she dressed, set a pace which the other glittering women of the French capital found difficult to follow. Wherever there was a gathering of beauty and fashion, Peggie Gillespie was there, outshining the others like a star. Her entertainments in her sumptuous apartments in the Avenue Henri Martin were famous, and she numbered



Set Styles for Women's Dress.

among her acquaintances many of the highest title and distinction in Europe. When the war broke out she plunged into charity and relief work.

Shortly after she had consented to marry Letellier she began to yield to the fatal disease she had fought for so long. When the doctors announced that death was near she tried to break the engagement, but Letellier finally persuaded her to become his wife before she died.

TOT VICTIM OF FAMILY ROW

Unwittingly Shot and Killed by Mother Emptying Revolver Under Table.

Curtisville, Pa.—Following a violent quarrel, Joseph Kunkle, aged thirty-three, a miner, rushed upstairs seized a revolver and returned to the dining room, threw the weapon on the table and told his wife to use it on him or he would on her.

The six-year-old daughter, Lella, unperceived, hid under the table.

The wife, fearing he would shoot, grabbed the revolver and fired five shots under the table.

The husband then knocked his wife to the floor, and as he did so he discovered the girl there, shot. He took the dying child to a nearby physician, but she immediately expired as he entered the office door.

Skirt Prevents Suicide.

New York.—Mrs. Alice Walker's wide skirt prevented her from committing suicide when she jumped into the East river. The skirt spread out like a balloon and kept her afloat until boatmen reached her.

DISJOINTED SNAKE COLLECTS ITSELF

Head Whistles and Other Parts Come Back and Link Themselves.

Larned, Kan.—Enoch Chase had a peculiar experience while taking the logs out of the old dugout on Mel Eliek's south eighty. He ran across a joint snake down between the logs and bit it with his spade. Of course every joint flew apart and started to wiggle off.

Enoch, just for a joke, picked up one of the joints and put it in a bucket and then slipped behind the logs and waited to see what would happen. In about ten minutes he heard a sort of low whistle and then a rustling. The



Made a Peculiar Whistle.

head of the joint snake came out of the woods and looked around. It then made a peculiar whistle and another joint backed up and fastened on to the head.

The head whistled twice and joint No. 2 came out, and so on, so many whistles for each joint, until it came time for the one Enoch had in the bucket. At its call the thing thrashed around in the bucket like all possessed, but couldn't get out. Of course, without the joint that fit, the snake couldn't get together.

Enoch said the last he saw of it the head had taken charge of one-half and the tail the rest and had gone off in different directions to hunt up the missing joint. Enoch got almost home with his joint when an automobile tooted down the road. This other scared the joint or it was its coupling on signal, for Enoch says it managed to flop out of the bucket and get away in the tall grass.

YELLOWBACKS LIGHT CIGARS

Mysterious Individual in New York Hotel Excites Wonder of Bellhops.

New York.—"One of your best cigars," said an elderly man in a silk suit, gray silk gloves, gray socks and the same colored suede shoes.

The girl behind the cigar counter in an uptown hotel looked at this person and brought forth a cedar box with an aroma that reached for yards.

The symphony in gray selected a 50-cent perfecto, took out a pearl-handled knife from a gray suede case, cut off the end of the cigar and then placed it in his mouth. He then took out a roll of bills, handed the cigar counter girl one with a "4" on it, and then to her surprise plucked a yellowback from the roll and applied it to the gas lighter.

He was slow about lighting the cigar. His change was on the counter. However, he finally picked it up, threw the burned bill into a sand vase and walked away.

Four bellhops, who had watched the proceeding, sprang to the vase. The paper still was burning and all that was left was the part marked with two "N's."

"Sure," said one of the bellhops, "he does that all the time. Somebody told me that it's a moving picture actor, but anyway if this paper can be redeemed by Uncle Sam I'm for him."

REAL BABES IN THE WOODS

Brother and Sister, Aged Nine and Eight, Lost Five Days in City Park.

Waterbury, Conn.—The fairy tale of "Dahes in the Wood" has been duplicated in the woods near Lakewood park, by Andrew Yankauskas, nine years old, and his sister, Mary, aged eight. The children left home one morning to go fishing. Losing their way and becoming bewildered, they remained hidden in the woods five days, living on wild berries and sleeping under trees. Their parents had given up hope, believing the children had been drowned, but the pair finally were located by a policeman.

Re-Wed After 33 Years.

New York.—Mrs. D. Butler, sixty-four years old, and Peter J. Dobbs, sixty-eight, who were divorced 33 years ago, have just re-wed. Both had taken other mates, who have since died.

Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when sleeping or lifting? Do you feel all used up as if you could just go no further? Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. What with backache, headache, dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up.

Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of just such cases. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

An Illinois Case

"Every Person Tells a Story." Mrs. H. A. F. v. y. Howe, 1233 Montrose St., Mattoon, Ill., says: "Overwork brought on my kidney trouble and I had awful backaches. I was a wreck, all broken down in health and nervous. I lost over twenty pounds in weight and I had no appetite left. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health and I have had no trouble from my kidneys or back since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Forewarned.

"If we are going to be married you must give up smoking," said she. "Yes," he agreed. "And drinking, and your club." "Yes." "And playing cards for money. Now, doesn't anything else suggest itself to you that you will give up of your own accord?" "Yes." "What?" "All idea of getting married."

FOR HAIR AND SKIN HEALTH

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment

These fragrant, super-creamy emollients keep the skin fresh and clear, the scalp free from dandruff, crusts and scales and the hands soft and white. They are splendid for nursery and toilet purposes and are most economical because most effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Hearing at Last.

There was a terrible dynamite explosion near a small town the other day. An old lady, hearing it, turned toward the door of her sitting room and said:

"Come in, Bella."

When her servant entered the room, she said:

"Do you know, Bella, my hearing is evidently improving. I heard you knock at the door for the first time in twenty years."—Titt-Bits.

Limburger cheese is to be preferred to cheap perfumery. You can eat the cheese.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Price.

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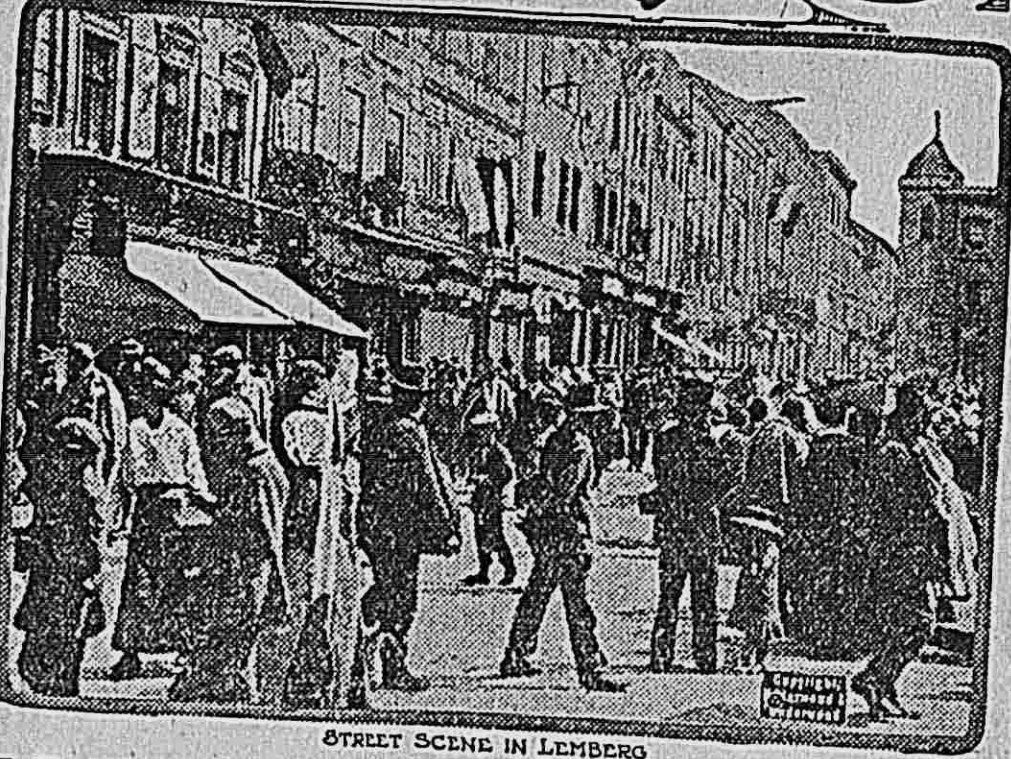
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Lemberg and Brody



STREET SCENE IN LEMBERG

WHEN the fortifications of the inner city of Lemberg were dismantled in 1811 and the space which they occupied was converted into promenades for the prosperous citizens of the modern Galician capital of 200,000 inhabitants, it was doubtless assumed by many that, having suffered "the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune" for the five centuries of its municipal existence, fate would allot it a surcease from siege and capture, says the bulletin of the National Geographic society.

Lying 60 miles almost due east of Przemyśl, and more than 450 miles northeast of Vienna, Lemberg is situated on the banks of the Pelew river, an affluent of the Bug. It nestles in a small valley which opens to the north, and is surrounded by hills, the most picturesque being the well-wooded Franz-Josef Berg to the northeast. To the east, a distance of 7 miles, is Tarnopol, near the Russian border, one of the first points of attack when the Muscovites pushed beyond the Galician frontier.

A description of the modern city of Lemberg as it existed in August, 1914, requires many modifications today, for the scars of war are to be found in its many handsome homes; its broad, well-paved streets; its Roman Catholic cathedral, a handsome gothic structure completed in 1480; its Greek cathedral, completed in 1770; its Armenian cathedral in the Byzantine style, dating back to 1437, and its magnificent monuments to such Polish patriots as King John III Sobieski who, after having saved Lemberg from the Turks a few years previously, in 1683 saved all Europe from Mohammedan invasion by routing an army of 300,000 Turks encamped about Vienna, his own force numbering only 70,000.

Nearly 700 years old, called Lwow in the Polish tongue and Leopold in Latin, Lemberg was founded by a Ruthenian prince in 1250. Nearly a hundred years later it was added to the domain of Casimir the Great, who bestowed upon the city the charter and privileges widely known during the middle ages as the Magdeburg Right.

Following the fall of Constantinople, Lemberg enjoyed a revival of trade with the East, but it was caught in the maelstrom of rebellion and pillage which swept over the Ukraine and a part of Poland during the last half of the seventeenth century, when the Cossack hetman, Chmielnicki, was directing the hordes of the "serfs' fury."

Lemberg was one of the Polish cities to fall before the arms of Charles XII of Sweden when the ill-advised Augustus II was drawn into the Great Northern war, which devastated central Europe for the first 20 years of the eighteenth century. In 1772, upon the first partition of Poland, Lemberg became an Austrian possession, and 12 years after this event Joseph II established the University of Lemberg, which, at the time of the outbreak of the present war, had more than 2,000 students.

One of the most attractive parks of Lemberg, and a favorite promenade, bears the name of the Polish patriot, Jan Kilinski, a humble little shoemaker, who fought bravely in 1790, was captured and taken to St. Petersburg. After his release he returned to his shoemaker's bench and in his leisure hours wrote his recollections, a valuable record of this period of his country's history.

Since the establishment of the Galician diet in 1801 Lemberg has enjoyed increasing prosperity. Its manufactures include machinery and ironware, matches, candles, liquors, chocolate, leather, bricks and tiles, while its commerce is largely in linen, flax, hemp, wool and oil.

In 1907 two interesting finds were made in the vicinity of this city by laborers boring for oil. The bodies of an elephant and a rhinoceros were unearthed in a remarkable state of preservation, even the hides being intact, due, probably, to the preservative qualities of the oily soil in which they were buried.

Brody a Commercial Center.

Only about two miles beyond the Russian border, the Galician town of Brody is a point of great strategic importance on the eastern war front because it controls an important railway line leading from Dubno, 35 miles to the northeast, to Lemberg, which is only 62 miles to the southwest.

At the beginning of the world war Brody was a thriving commercial center with a population approaching 20,000, more than two-thirds of whom were Jews. Its prosperity was checked to some extent about 40 years ago, when, after having enjoyed the privileges of a free commercial city for exactly 100 years, its charter was withdrawn.

Less than half a century before Brody was created a town in the seventeenth century it was the scene of an important battle in which the Poles, commanded by their famous grand hetman, Stanislaus Poniecki, defeated a Tartar army. This was the last battle of Poniecki's distinguished career. For a quarter of a century he was at war with the Turks and Swedes, his initiation in military science being somewhat disastrous, for he was captured by the Turks in his first important engagement and was held in close confinement for three years at Constantinople. Upon his release in 1662 he was placed in command of the Polish republic's forces and with a force of 25,000 defeated 60,000 Tartars at Martynow. His achievements against the army of Gustavus Adolphus were no less noteworthy than his long series of victories whereby he succeeded in keeping the Ukraine under Polish rule.

Brody twice suffered from disastrous conflagrations during the nineteenth century. The first, occurring in 1801, destroyed 1,500 houses, while the fire of 1850 reduced 1,000 homes and business establishments to ashes. The upper waters of the Str river form an irregular area extending from the southwest to the north of Brody, being ten miles distant at its nearest point, toward the northwest. Five miles from the city, just beyond the border on the Dubno-Lemberg railway, is the Russian town of Radziwlow, with a population of about 8,000.

USE ARABS TO FIGHT LOCUSTS

Soldiers Dig Trenches Into Which Hatching Pests Were Driven and Destroyed.

Djamel Pasha put some thousands of Arab soldiers at my brother's disposal, and these were set to work digging trenches into which the hatching locusts were driven and destroyed. This is the only means of coping with the situation; once the locusts get their wings, nothing can be done with them. It was a hopeless fight. Nothing short of the co-operation of every farmer in the country could have won the day; and while the people of the progressive Jewish villages struggled on to the end—men, women and children working in the fields until they were exhausted—the Arab farmers sat by with folded hands. The threats of the military authorities only stirred them to half-hearted efforts. Finally, after two months of toil, the campaign was given up and the locusts broke in waves over the countryside, destroying everything. As the Prophet Joel said: "The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. The field is wasted; the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth."

Not only was every green leaf devoured, but the very bark was peeled from the trees, which stood out white and lifeless, like skeletons. The fields were stripped to the ground, and the old men of our villages, who had given their lives to cultivating these gardens and vineyards, came out of the synagogues where they had been praying and wailing and looked on the ruin with dimmed eyes. Nothing was spared. The insects, in their fierce hunger, tried to engulf everything in their way.—Alexander Aaronsohn, in Atlantic.

A Horrible Accident.

A popular sportsman, being vastly conceited about his fine figure, wore corsets to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the road. A farm laborer ran to render him assistance. The first-aid man began to feel the fallen one all over to see if any bones happened to be broken, and suddenly yelled out to another laborer: "Itua, Jack, for heaven's sake, for a doctor. Here's a man's ribs running north and south, instead of east and west."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

GOBLIN CURES GEORGE.

"A little boy named George," said Daddy, "was very ill. He had not told his Mother he felt Sick and wretched because he was afraid she might give him some horrid Medicine, so he went to Bed without saying a word. He felt as though he had been in Bed for hours and as if he would never go to sleep when suddenly a little Goblin hopped on his window sill, peeped around the curtain and said: 'Good Evening. May I come in?'"

"Who are you?" asked George. "I am the Goblin who looks after little Sick Boys—when they have your kind of sickness. The only trouble is that I can't see half the little Boys I want to—for I can only go at night-time when they're sleeping, and there isn't time for my rounds. I do believe I shall have to get some Assistant Workers," and the Goblin looked puzzled.

"You're a Goblin?" gasped George. "To be sure," said the Goblin.

"Why," continued George, "I thought they were terrible looking creatures." "Ha, ha," laughed the Goblin. "You make just the same mistake that so many Boys and Girls do. You see I am not terrible at all. In fact I am very nice and I cure little Boys and Girls of their pains."

"Are you a Doctor Goblin, then?" asked George.

"No," smiled the Goblin. "Doctors and I really need have nothing to do with each other. Doctors should only be called in when little Girls and Boys are really, really Sick and not when they're only pretending."

"I'm not pretending," said George, almost in tears. "I feel just as sick as can be."

"Nothing to brag about, is it?" asked the Goblin.

"No-o," said George.

"And why are you Sick?" asked the Goblin.

"I don't know," said George. For surely, he thought to himself, the Goblin couldn't know what he had been doing in the daytime—and George did know, perfectly well, why he was Sick.

"Did you enjoy those candies?" asked the Goblin, and George looked quite uneasy.

"I don't know," said George.

"I suppose it is hard to make up your mind now whether you liked them or not—since they have made you Sick."

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried George, who had thought he was going to have fun with the Goblin, and he hid his head under the bed clothes in shame.

"You see," continued the Goblin, "you were getting into the habit of really making a little Piggie of yourself! You were getting too fat and lazy. You didn't like to play Ball with the Boys nearly so much as you once did. Isn't that true? And George, who had stuck his head out of the bed clothes again, nodded.

"And some of the Boys were beginning to call you 'Rolly Polly George,' weren't they? And they were telling you that soon you'd be able to join the Circus as the Fat Boy? It wasn't very kind of them perhaps, but it was true, eh?" and the Goblin grinned.

"Yes," was all George could say.

"And last of all, when you ate that whole layer of chocolates in the box that was hidden in the pantry, you thought you were having a great feast. Until—until—"

"Oh I know," said George. "I felt dreadfully Sick—but I'm better now. Don't scold me any more, please."

"I won't," said the Goblin. "I visit little Boys and Girls like you because I know you don't want to get Sick—and half the time you don't know that so many sweeties are very, very bad for you—and that you'll grow fat and lazy and no one will care for you when it comes play time."

"I'll be good—and not a Piggie any more!" said George. "I did feel so Sick—and I don't want to be the Fat Boy in the Circus. I want to stay Home and play with my Friends!"

"And you will!" said the Goblin. "Tomorrow morning you'll be all right—but first of all—tonight we're going to take you for a sail in our airboat just to show you that Goblins are really nice creatures after all!"

"And several weeks later, George was so well and so strong and quick in the Games that he was made Captain of his Baseball Team!"

No Grounds for This.

Teacher—Your answer is about as clear as mud.

Pupil—Well, that covers the ground doesn't it?

TERM "GRINGO" LONG IN USE

Contemptuous Epithet Applied to Foreigners Alleged to Have Had Its Origin in Spain.

Will you permit me to contribute a few words on the subject of the origin of the word gringo? Gringo is an old Spanish word that antedates the Mexican war by 70 years. It was defined by the first edition of the Standard Dictionary, in 1891, "One of English blood or speech; a contemptuous epithet." By the New Standard, 1913, the term was treated as follows: "In Spanish America, a foreigner, particularly an American or one of English blood or speech; a contemptuous epithet (Spanish glibberish)."

I have been able to trace the word back to 1787, 120 years, and find it explained in P. Esteban de Terreros y Pardo's "Diccionario Castellano," published in Madrid in that year. See Vol. II, page 240, column 1: "Gringos—Llanero en Malaga a los extranjeros, que tienen cierta especie de acento, que los priva de una locucion facil y natural Castellana; y en Madrid dan el mismo y por la misma causa con particularidad a los Irlandeses."

Roughly translated, this means: "Gringos—The name given in Malaga to those foreigners who have a certain accent which prevents them from speaking Spanish fluently and naturally, and in Madrid the same term is used for the same reason, especially with reference to the Irish. 'The word may be found also in Melchior Emmanuel Nunez de Taboada's 'Diccionario Espanol-Francés,' published in Paris in 1845; 'Gringos, ga—Adj., (figure et familiar.) Grec. Hebreu. On le dit d'une chose inintelligible.' Translation: 'Gringos, ga (figuratively and colloquially.) Greek. Hebrew. It is said of a thing that is not intelligible.'—Letter to Editor of New York Times.

Foolish Man.

A Boston woman has won a wager of \$50 by promenadeing the principal streets of Boston, Providence and Worcester, wearing a startling hand-painted gown and hat and carrying a hand-painted parasol. Her venture was the result of a dare from a Boston artist. She has given the money to the Red Cross relief fund.

"You must not dare a woman to do anything, even if she is growing old," says this successful creature, "for she will do it, even if her husband should object."

Here and there there may be a husband who will wonder what that word "even" is doing in this declaration of feminine intentions, but otherwise the sentiment will go uncorrected. Daring a woman is a superfluous, redundant and superogatory piece of work. The gentleman gets off cheaply at \$50.—Knickerbocker Press.

There Are Some.

"I just adore western men," gushed the girl who had never been west of Hoboken. "You are all so big and bluff and hearty."

"Well, when it comes to that," replied the westerner, "I've seen some pretty big bluffs right here in New York city."—New York World.

Preliminaries.

"You ought to forgive your enemies."

"I may eventually," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I should like to give them a lesson beforehand, so that they will know my forgiveness is generous and strictly voluntary."

If girls went on parade in breakfast attire there would be fewer hasty marriages.

The man who brags about his past career of wickedness is usually a harmless cuss.

Not Keeping Up.

"Don't you feel kind o' behind the times when your boy Josh gets to cuttin' up?" asked the neighbor.

"Way behind the times," replied Farmer Corntassel. "I don't know any dances that ain't at least a year old."

Missed the Idea.

"What did Rastus git married for?" "Lawd only knows, chile. He keeps right on workin'."

In the Suburbs.

"Did you plant a garden this season?"

"No; I was afraid from my last experience that the garden would plant me."

Too Late.

"Of course he tried to save his face."

"And did he succeed?"

"No, his countenance had fallen."

Patience surpasses learning.

Ontario's area is 407,202 square miles.

Peace.

"This war can't last much longer."

"How do you figure that out?"

"At the present rate it won't be long before all the allied troops will be prisoners of war in Germany, and all the German troops will be prisoners in the hands of the allies. When that happens they'll have to stop."

What Did She Mean?

"There we stood," said the man who claimed he had been at the front, "amid a perfect rain of shrapnel. For two mortal hours shot and shell were dropping all around us, but fortunately the enemy did not have our range."

"Dear me! How terrible!" exclaimed the young lady who had been compelled to listen to his narrative.

Figuring on Buying Land?

Are you thinking about buying a piece of land or an improved farm? If you are, why do business through a land-man or some agent and have to pay him a profit of from \$5 to \$10 an acre on the place he sells you?

Why not do business yourself direct with the men who own and are anxious, for some good reason, to sell just the kind of a farm or piece of land you want to get? Just tell us how much land you are figuring on buying; whether or not you want an improved farm with buildings; and in what state you are figuring on buying—and we will tell you how you can do business yourself direct with the men who own and are anxious, for some good reason, to sell at a bargain just the kind of a place you want to get.

Writing us costs you but a two-cent stamp, puts you under no obligation whatever, and will be worth hundreds of dollars to you if you are going to buy land—so just sit down and drop us a line RIGHT NOW before you forget it.

Co-operative Real Estate Bureau

"Brings the Buyer and Seller Together"

2416 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Co-operative Real Estate Bureau

"Brings the Buyer and Seller Together"

2416 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Not Keeping Up.

"Don't you feel kind o' behind the times when your boy Josh gets to cuttin' up?" asked the neighbor.

"Way behind the times," replied Farmer Corntassel. "I don't know any dances that ain't at least a year old."

Missed the Idea.

"What did Rastus git married for?" "Lawd only knows, chile. He keeps right on workin'."

In the Suburbs.

"Did you plant a garden this season?"

"No; I was afraid from my last experience that the garden would plant me."

Too Late.

"Of course he tried to save his face."

"And did he succeed?"

"No, his countenance had fallen."

Patience surpasses learning.

Ontario's area is 407,202 square miles.

Peace.

"This war can't last much longer."

"How do you figure that out?"

"At the present rate it won't be long before all the allied troops will be prisoners of war in Germany, and all the German troops will be prisoners in the hands of the allies. When that happens they'll have to stop."

What Did She Mean?

"There we stood," said the man who claimed he had been at the front, "amid a perfect rain of shrapnel. For two mortal hours shot and shell were dropping all around us, but fortunately the enemy did not have our range."

"Dear me! How terrible!" exclaimed the young lady who had been compelled to listen to his narrative.

Figuring on Buying Land?

Are you thinking about buying a piece of land or an improved farm? If you are, why do business through a land-man or some agent and have to pay him a profit of from \$5 to \$10 an acre on the place he sells you?

Why not do business yourself direct with the men who own and are anxious, for some good reason, to sell just the kind of a farm or piece of land you want to get? Just tell us how much land you are figuring on buying; whether or not you want an improved farm with buildings; and in what state you are figuring on buying—and we will tell you how you can do business yourself direct with the men who own and are anxious, for some good reason, to sell at a bargain just the kind of a place you want to get.

Writing us costs you but a two-cent stamp, puts you under no obligation whatever, and will be worth hundreds of dollars to you if you are going to buy land—so just sit down and drop us a line RIGHT NOW before you forget it.

Co-operative Real Estate Bureau

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor & Prop.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
\$1.50 Per Year in Advance. Sample
Copy 5 Cents.

Advertising Rates Furnished Upon Application
Telephone Antioch 149 J.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1916

Editorial Comment

Bryan butts, Wilson tuts.

Watchful waiting maketh woeful
waiting.

Candidate Hughes doesn't talk like
a tut-tutter.

Hughes is hammering and the Demo-
crats are yammering.

The Wilson Administration stands
for taxes, and more taxes.

The Hughes trail will be cold by
the time the Democrats strike it.

As a party leader, would it be fair
to refer to J. Ham Lewis as J. "Pork"
Lewis?

Bryan says Mr. Hughes' talks aren't
judicial. No. The people can under-
stand 'em perfectly.

Can the folks on the Democratic
band wagon continue to play by the
President's notes?

Hughes says the country can't be
saved by letting it drift. That's where
he and W. Wilson differ.

Washington reports that a new apol-
ogy has been sent to First Chief Cur-
ranza. Looks like a habit.

Mr. Bryan is mistaken when he says
Hughes is "vitiolic." The candidate
is merely applying the acid test.

A messenger of President Wilson
found out that Colorado women were
for the administration. No messenger,
of course, can be blamed for making
good.

Political opponents are beginning to
find that why Mr. Hughes kept silence
so long wasn't because he had lost
his tongue.

Another encouraging feature about
our new navy is that when it is com-
pleted, Mr. Daniels will not be Secre-
tary of it.

Having discovered that the Demo-
crats don't like what he is saying, Mr.
Hughes doubtless is convinced that
he is on the right track.

Political Jottings

Mr. McCormick follows the same
method in claiming credit for legisla-
tion he does in his predictions. He
includes several acts of the Taft Ad-
ministration.

The Democratic press is convinced
that it is the duty of Mr. Hughes to
say something that will hurt his
chance of being elected.

President Wilson in his acceptance
speech may reply to Mr. Hughes' charges, but he will not answer them.
That is an entirely different matter.

It is reported from Washington that
the Administration will ignore most
of Mr. Hughes' charges. That is very
much the easiest way for it to answer
them.

Governor Hughes announces in one
of his speeches that he is a construc-
tionist. But we are willing to admit
that so far as Democratic policies are
concerned he is a destructionist.

Tammany leader Charles F. Murphy
announces that he will retire after
the campaign. It is believed that many
other more or less distinguished Demo-
crats will follow his example.

Grover Cleveland was the last Demo-
cratic President. He was also the
last President to issue bonds to secure
money to defray the running expenses
of the government. But Wilson will
do him in this.

President Wilson will be notified of
the Democratic nomination at Shadow
Lawn. This seems a most appropriate
place for letting him know that he will
shortly have to give up his place in
the sun.

President Wilson will not make any
speaking dates, we are told, but only
separate engagements for addresses,
considering a "speaking tour" undig-
nified. "Too proud to fight."

What Josephine Daniels, the well-
known nautical millitarist, can't under-
stand is why men should waste time
plattsburghing at sea when they might
just as well learn how to become sail-
ors in three lessons in any good, re-
liable correspondence school.

In connection with the candidacy of A. J. Olson
for the Se natorship, it may be as well to throw a little
light upon the standing he has in his own home town,
among the people who know him best, and who
would be the first to criticise if criticism were due.

On two different occasions he was elected alder-
man of Woodstock, and twice he has been chosen to
serve that city as its Mayor. The last time he was
elected by a vote of four to one and carried every
ward in the city by both the men's and women's vote.

Does this not prove that his own home city has
the utmost confidence in his efficiency as a public
servant? What higher compliment can any man de-
sire than to have the voters of his own home district
stand up, four to one, and by their vote express their
faith in his honesty and ability? This being the feel-
ing among his closest associates, Lake County voters
should not hesitate to give him the vote that will put
him back in the Senate for a third term. Faithful
and trustworthy as he is in the interests of McHenry
County, just so faithful and trustworthy is he in the
interests of Lake county. Mr. Olson does not con-
sider counties when he is in the Senate. He consid-
ers McHenry, Boone and Lake counties combined as
the eighth senatorial district, his district, and he
works for the best interests of that district.

His re-nomination will assure Lake county of a
trusted servant who can be absolutely depended upon
to act on our business, exactly as he would act on his
own. The fact that he is today a successful business
man familiar with large affairs is well worth consid-
ering, for the people's business is a big business and
by both training and achievement Mr. Olson has
proven himself capable of handling it.

Cast your vote for Olson.

The hottest strife in the present political campaign
is for the office of State's Attorney. Out in this
neck of the woods we don't hear much about Smith.
We only seem to have two candidates, Jas. G. Welch
and Ralph J. Dady, and judging from the amount of
Dady buttons one encounters hereabouts, a stranger
would be led to believe that we have only one, and
that one is Dady with a big D.

The best element of the county is for him. The
best people of the county, after having carefully con-
sidered the qualifications necessary for efficient
service have decided that Dady is the man for the
place.

So much has already been said about his past re-
cord, his efficiency, his fearless and impartial discharge
of duty that the subject is well nigh exhausted and
there isn't much left to be said for him, but we
are going to vote on Wednesday, Sept. 13, and all
our friends and all their friends are going to do like-
wise and we are all going to vote for Dady. Actions
speak louder than words.

Prejudice.

Prejudice may be considered as a
continual false medium of viewing
things, for prejudiced persons not only
never speak well, but also never think
well of those whom they dislike, and
the whole character and conduct is
considered with an eye to that particu-
lar thing which offends them.—Bishop
Butler.

Insanity.

Insanity is rapidly increasing in
every civilized country, owing probably
to the rapid pace at which people are
living. The speed of life deranges
the nervous system and as a final re-
sult madness ensues.

Next Day, All Right.

She (during the spot)—"It's a story
for you to say I grabbed you up quick.
You know very well that when you
proposed I didn't say yes till the next
day." He—"That's right! I proposed
at 11:59 p. m. and you accepted me at
12:01 the next morning."—Boston Eve-
ning Transcript.

Notable Event.

"People often preserve the pens
with which historic documents are
signed." "Quite so," said his wife. "I
think I'll preserve the pen with which
you signed that \$5 check you gave me
the other day."



Carranza (to Uncle Sam): "Giddap!"



To the County Voters of Lake County

Gentlemen:—

We are all interested in Lake County. It is our home
and honored by the records of many of its public men.

Some of the citizens of our county have made an earnest
effort to do some cleaning up politically and socially by put-
ting some of the violators of law where they belong, namely in
jail.

This lawless element which is so extensive politically and
so bad socially, realizes that it must get control of the state's
attorney's office as through that office, and that office alone,
can such violators be prosecuted and punished.

Mr. Dady has been criticised for pushing the prosecution
of a recent notorious case as well as for putting some persis-
tent law breakers of "they will never get us in jail" stripe
where they belong.

What do we elect a state's attorney for if not to do just
this, work and do it effectually as Mr. Dady has repeatedly
done?

There are three candidates for the office of state's attor-
ney, Mr. Ralph Dady, who is the present incumbent, Mr. Jas.
G. Welch and Mr. A. V. Smith.

It is apparent to all thinking people that the contest is
without question between Mr. Dady and Mr. Welch. Mr. Dady
has demonstrated by his record that he will enforce the law
and he stands for everything that is good, while Mr. Welch's
stands for everything that is the reverse and the back of Mr.
Welch's support is made up of the lawless that is the reverse
element and the back bone of Mr. Welch's support is made up of the
element who would like a wide open town and a wide open
county.

We appeal to all good citizens of Lake County whether
wet or dry who believe in LAW and ORDER to awaken to the
peril of the situation and vote for Ralph J. Dady for State's
Attorney Sept. 13th.

We have no axe to grind, we want you with us in this
campaign.

Cyclone Fence Co.—J. P. Arthur, President.
Blatchford Calf Meal Factory—John W. Barwell.
Chicago Hardware Foundry—E. P. Sedwick, President.
M. Alshuler Co.—D. T. Alshuler, President.
Davis Milk Machinery Co.—W. C. Davis, Secretary.
M. H. Hussey Lumber Co.—M. H. Hussey.
Waukegan Lumber Co.—W. O. McKinney, President.
T. G. McGay, Vice President.
Leggitt & Platt Spring Bed Co.—R. F. Leggitt.
Franklin R. Muller Co.—F. R. Muller.
Harry V. Finkelstein.
Goelitz Confectionery Co.—H. Goelitz.
Pfanstiehl Company—Carl Pfanstiehl, President.
D. E. Travis.
Republic Fence & Gate Co.—James P. Arthur.
National Envelope Co.—T. E. Morris, Manager.
J. P. Myers.
Manufacturers Terminal Co.—H. V. Finkelstein, President.
H. V. Finkelstein Machinery & Iron Co.
W. H. Dow Manufacturing Co.—F. E. Dow.

LOCAL NEWS AND PERSONALITIES

Fire meeting next Tuesday night.

Have you noticed the street lights yet.

Mrs. Paul Fairman returned home Sunday.

Charley Mack spent over Sunday in Chicago.

Miss Tillie Schmidt of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Sam Ries.

Rev. Hester entertained his brother from Chicago the first of the week.

Mrs. L. H. Hoffman entertained her sister from Chicago over Labor Day.

Miss Celia Whitman of Chicago spent over Labor day with H. S. Messing and family.

D. W. Overton and family of Solon Mills spent Sunday with Sol LaPlant and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hadlock have moved into their new home on Johnson street.

Harry Tiffany and Donald Smart left Tuesday evening for a week's visit at Chetek, Wis.

Boy's Iron-clad hose, at Webb's.

Will Atwell and family of Racine and Geo. Savage of Kenosha spent Sunday with Sol LaPlant and family.

Attorney Ray Fowler of Waukegan called in Antioch Wednesday morning in the interests of R. B. Swift's candidacy.

Saturday evening at Crystal Herbert Rawlson and Agnes Vernon in "The Rose Colored Scarf" also Edna Madison in Alias Jane Jones.

Mass will be said every Sunday at the following places at the given time: St. Peter's church Antioch, 10:30; Savage's pavilion Channel Lake, 9:00; Barnstable's hall Lake Villa, 9:00.

There will be a card party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lynch, Thursday, Sept. 14, for the benefit of St. Peter's church beginning at two o'clock p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

Vacation days are over and Monday morning the children and teachers settled down for another school year: Hester Beebe teaches at Jones school, M. Guerite McCullough at Grange Hall, Louise Hillebrand at Rosecrans, Alice Beebe at Bean Hill, Mary Paddock at Grimm school, Mrs. Sherwood at Fox Lake, Deedie Tiffany at Lake Bluff, Mrs. Stanton at Johnson school.

At the meeting of the Village Board last Tuesday, only one member of the committee appointed to look into the matter of building a town hall, had any thing to offer. He brought forth a set of plans to which there was no particular objection except one window space was not marked thereon. No action was taken and the board adjourned until next Monday evening. The committee appointed for the hiring of a new marshal reported that no definite action had as yet been taken. Whereupon some of the members of the board expressed the opinion that it would be only fair to give the present marshal a chance to resign before replacing him.

Future of Panama.

Panama changed the trade route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, did away with the long course through the Straits of Magellan and the menace of Cape Horn. Now one of the largest coaling ports on the whole Pacific is at the Panama end of the canal, and in the future the flaring old town of Panama, looted long ago by the pirates under Morgan, may outlive Port Said as the largest in the world.

George Harding in Harper's Magazine.

Exclusive.

Young Heffron was overjoyed when Ruby Jackson promised to be his wife and presented himself before the rich old father to obtain his consent.

"What do you want a wife for when you can scarcely support yourself?" queried the old gentleman crustily.

"Why, sir, my daughter would starve!" "Well, sir," replied Heffron, with great dignity, "if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve, I don't wish to enter the family."

Freak Lightning Strikes.

There is an instance on record of a couple of men who were traveling in the Vosges mountains. They rushed for trees to escape the pelting, driving rain. A stroke of lightning knocked them senseless, and it was thought on first examination that they were dead.

The best attention and care were given them, and they survived, but on the back of each, extending to the thighs, was the imprint of leaves of a lime tree.

Modern Greeks.

The present-day Greeks are supposed to be the descendants of the men who won Marathon and Salamis. Of course the breed of modern Greeks (as is true about every other people) is somewhat mixed, but there is much in the Greeks of today to remind us of the men who built the Parthenon.

My \$2.75 work shoes still in the lead. Chase Webb.

Harold Williams transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

Ralph Kinrade was a Kenosha visitor Saturday evening.

Mrs. Ernest Clark left Saturday for Ohio to visit relatives.

Mrs. Jas. Wilton returned home from a Chicago hospital last Thursday.

Clyde Fields of Kenosha spent over Sunday and Monday with his parents.

Miss Carrie Neilsen of Chicago spent Sunday with Miss Bernardine Fairman.

Night Watchman Geo. Huber completed his duties for this season Monday night.

Boy's school suits and caps, at Webb's.

Sunday evening at the Crystal Blanch Sweet in "The Secret Orchard" founded on the story of the same name. Admission 10 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trieger and daughter Ella, of Norwood Park visited Antioch relatives Tuesday, while on their way to Northern Wisconsin via auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Modoff and family of Aurora visited the latter part of last week and the first of this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dupre.

C. A. Powles will move his Meat Market to his new location on Lake street, Sept. 18, and his place will be closed to customers during removal.

There will be an ice cream social at the home of Jbs. Peterson on Bristol road 1 mile north of Hosmer church on Friday evening, Sept. 8. Everyone invited. Proceeds for benefit of Hosmer church.

Saturday afternoon brought many people from the city, in fact the crowd was so large that a special train of seven coaches and baggage car was chartered to convey them to our village this train was loaded at Chicago and made a through run unloading over three hundred and fifty people at our station, made up only a part of the crowd as the other regular Saturday afternoon sections carried a goodly portion of pleasure seekers.

About thirty-five relatives of the Edwin Richards family held a reunion Sunday at Blunt's Park at Petite Lake. Those present were: C. S. Richards and family, M. M. Burke and family, M. Matax and family of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and son of Chicago, Thos. Mooney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Burke, H. S. Messing and family, C. E. Blunt, P. K. Blunt and several guests from Chicago.

The Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal church, will meet with Mrs. Chase Webb on Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 2 p. m. Everybody invited. Mrs. Chase Webb, Sec.

If the Democratic national administration had left on the statute books in 1894 the federal corrupt practices act placed there by the Republicans there would be no occasion for the present administration's campaign publicity measure which, at best, is a very poor substitute for the law repealed.

President Wilson's campaign managers are entitled to all the comfort they can get out of calling the roll of Progressives who are going to vote for him. It would be an endless task to call the roll of Progressives who are not going to vote him.

For every reason that can be advanced why Progressives should vote for Wilson, ten can be advanced why they should vote for Hughes and the beauty of it is that they know the reasons without having to be told.

The Wilson administration went into Mexico to punish Villa for his outrage on American soil. The only punishment inflicted has been on American soldiers who were shot down at Carrizal by order of First Chief Carranza.

"Franklin Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, sees strong trend for Wilson in Maine."—News Dispatch. Who can blame a man who for three years has been assistant to Joseph Daniels for "seeing things"?

Even Woodrow Wilson could not save the infamous Clarke amendment to the Philippines bill. He lost the ablest member of his cabinet, Secretary Garrison, because of his advocacy of the policy of scuttle, but even the sacrifice of Garrison could not save it.

In Boston.

Caller—"Is Mrs. Blank at home?" Butler—"Physically, madam, she is. As an abstract question the fact cannot be denied. But in relation to your desire to see her, I cannot say definitely until I have ascertained Mrs. Blank's wishes in the matter. Pray be seated until I receive advice from above."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Arthur Herman spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Wm. Volkman was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Chas. Powles transacted business in Chicago Wednesday.

Mrs. John Engman of Chetek, Wis., is visiting friends here.

W. J. Chinn and wife transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

Will Horton and family of Chicago spent Sunday with relatives here.

Miss Olive Young of Fond du Lac, Wis., visited friends here Friday.

Mrs. Jas. Gerrod of Libertyville visited her mother, Mrs. Edwin Wilton, Tuesday.

Men's suits, worth the money, at Webb's.

Robert Selter and daughter Erma left Tuesday for West Baden for a week's outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eddy of Milwaukee returned to their home Monday after a few days visit with their parents here.

Dr. Barber, registered optometrist will be in Antioch, on Thursday, Sept. 14. If your eyes trouble you or your head aches see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sugart and daughter Dorothy, Frank Sugart and wife and Harold Shugart motored from Rockford and spent part of Sunday and Monday with N. S. Burnett and family.

There will be a free entertainment on the grade school grounds Friday evening, Sept. 8, under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher's association. Mr. Tredway of Richmond will be present and tell of the work the association is doing in that village. The Allendale band will furnish music and Miss Mary Tiffany will sing. Everyone is cordially invited to be present.

In last week's issue of the News, there was a local calling attention to the repairing of a certain drain in the rear of the News office and we have been informed later that this drain has been repaired and expenses of same has been handled personally by those most interested. The marshal having been instructed to see to it. The question we asked was answered very easy, and if some other things could be answered as easily our minds would be relieved of some of the doubts that we are harboring at the present time.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

All advertisements inserted under this head at the following rates: Five lines or less, 25 cents for first insertion, 15 cents for each subsequent insertion. More than five lines, 5 cents a line for first insertion, and 3 cents a line for additional insertions.

LOST—Between Rollins station and Antioch on Tuesday evening about 6:45, two Firestone spare tires and rims. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

FOUND—A pair of gold rimmed glasses in a silver plated case. Looser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

LOST—Between Antioch and Sylvan Beach hotel pocket book containing paper money. Finder leave at this office and receive reward.

FOR RENT—Three room flat. Inquire of Mrs. Hunting, South Main st.

TO RENT—Modern six room house with bath also electric lights and water. One acre of land. Inquire at this office or Phone 182-W.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A 10-foot glass show case, if taken at once. Mrs. Lois Sowles, Antioch.

FOR SALE—Having no further use for same I want to sell my horse. She's sound as a dollar and any one can ride or drive her. Will throw in the buggy, harness, etc. All for \$75 if taken at once. Ted Lenore, Antioch.

FOR SALE—Good strong team. Apply to Dr. Morrell, Antioch.

FOR SALE—A ninety-two acre farm, good buildings also good orchard near Trevor. Inquire of Dan Longman, Chetek, Barron county, Wis. R. F. D. 2, Box 68.

FOR SALE or RENT—My house in Antioch. L. G. Paddock.

FOR SALE—Nine sows, due to farrow last week in August. Reasonable prices. Albert E. Jack, Farmers phone.

FOR SALE or RENT—An 8 room house, barn and 3 acres of land in village. Inquire of Geo. Huber.

FOR SALE—Lot on Petite Lake, size 60x360. Inquire of J. J. Morley, Antioch.

FOR SALE—Pony, harness and buggy, all in good condition. Tony Gubek, Hickory Corners.

FOR SALE—Elgin Six. Owner has no use for it. Will sell at a bargain. Been run 1000 miles. Call at Antioch Ice Cream factory.

Announcement

At the earnest solicitation of my friends and the milk producers of the several counties, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Legislature from the Eighth Senatorial District, at the primaries to be held on the 13th day of September, 1916.

LOUIS BECKLINGER.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors for assistance and sympathy rendered us in our bereavement in the death of our son and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Harrower and Family.

Notice

After Oct. 1, 1916, the new prices printed in our Rexall Premium catalog will apply to silverware and all other premiums.

F. R. King

Notice

Having returned from my vacation, I now have my millinery parlor open for business. I have for your selection a complete line of the newest and niftiest of millinery creations, and would be pleased to have you call and look them over.

I would also like to employ a young lady as an apprentice.

Miss Addie Schaffer.

Tax Levy Ordinance

Whereas, the Board of Trustees of the Village of Antioch in the County of Lake and State of Illinois, did on the sixth day of September A. D. 1916, pass the annual appropriation bill for said Village for the fiscal year beginning on the first day of May A. D. 1916, the amount of which is ascertained to be aggregate sum of eighteen hundred dollars, which said appropriation bill was duly published on the seventh day of September A. D. 1916. Now therefore,

Be It Ordained by the Board of Village Trustees of the Village of Antioch that there be and is hereby levied upon all of the taxable property within the corporate limits of said Village for the year A. D. 1916, the total sum of eighteen hundred dollars, for the following specific purposes mentioned in said appropriation bill; and in the respective sums as follows, to-wit:

Items of Appropriation and Levy

For Salaries of Municipal Officers.....	\$ 245.00
For L. H. Emerson Civil Engineer.....	500.00
For Streets and Alleys.....	285.00
For Police Department.....	350.00
For Lighting Streets and Offices.....	420.00

Total.....\$1800.00

And the Clerk of said Village is hereby directed to file with the County Clerk of said County a duly certified copy of this ordinance.

W. S. Rinear,

President Board Trustees.

Attest:

Harry A. Isaacs, Clerk.
Passed Sept. 6th, 1916.
Approved Sept. 5th, 1916.

State of Illinois, County of Lake Village of Antioch, ss. I, Harry A. Isaacs, Clerk of said Village do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the Tax Levy Ordinance passed by the Board of Trustees of the Village of Antioch on the date above given, and that the dates and data referring to the annual appropriation bill as above set forth are correct.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of said Village this 6th day of September A. D. 1916.

Harry A. Isaacs,

Clerk of said Village.

Church Services

St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church

B. L. SMITH, PASTOR
Church school at 9:45.
Morning prayer and sermon at 11:00.

Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. E. K. Hester, pastor.
10:30 a. m.—Public worship.
12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
3:00 p. m.—Junior Epworth League.
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:30 p. m.—Evening service of worship.

Hickory M. E. Church

F. W. SANDERSON, Pastor.
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Morning worship.
7:15 p. m.—Epworth League.
8:00 p. m.—Evening service.

Christian Science

Christian Science services held at the Crystal theater, every Sunday, at 10:45 a. m.

When Cleaning Windows.

Use strong soda water with plenty of soap for cleaning windows. Rinse freely. Finish off with a succession of warm, dry cloths.

PUBLIC MEETING

Major A. V. Smith

Candidate for State's Attorney
will speak on Main Street, in
Front of Williams Bros. Store

Saturday Evening
September 9th.

at 8 p. m.

Good Music and Speakers.
Ladies Invited.

SPECIAL
For Saturday Only

Corned beef, per lb. 10c & up

Plate beef, per lb. 10c

Beef tongue, per lb. 18c

50 lb tub lard, per lb 15 1/2c

Front quarter veal, per lb. 15c

Front quater spring lamb, lb 16c

ANTIOCH PACKING CO.

BOTH PHONES

Buy Winter Goods Now

Ladies' Misses' and Children's

COATS and FURS

Our cloak room now filled with wonderful values. We offer you better material and better made coats at far lower prices than the large city stores will offer your this season. We suggest that you buy your winter coats NOW. Beautiful line of ladies' fall suits, dress skirts and silk shirt waists.

SUITS and OVERCOATS

Every man, young man, and boy should see for themselves the big values we offer in Suits and Overcoats. When we sell you a Capps 100 per cent. wool garment—We save you dollars.

LARGE SIZE RUGS

The largest rug department in this part of the country. Our stock is very large. Our rugs are sold in a very close margin.

Our store is filled with new fall goods. We know it will prove the best place for you to do your fall buying.

C. G. FOLTZ CO.

BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN.

What a Real Poet is Really Like

Men who knew James Whitcomb Riley and his work intimately tell something about the great Hoosier who played upon the heartstrings of a nation with his songs of common folk and manners

NOWADAYS a poetic genius doesn't look like one. On the street, you might guess him to be a business man or a lawyer or a preacher or a photographer. Not since the time of Edgar Allan Poe have real poets worn their hair long—as in the comic pictures—or affected the soulful expression. Nowadays when a man wears his hair like Spanish moss on a Florida oak he is suspected of being hard up. And if he exhibits what is supposed to be his soul by certain shifting and staring of his eyes he is pitied as one whose mental gearing has sand in it.

Bliss Carman, former editor of the Independent and a poet of note, was one of James Whitcomb Riley's closest friends. After the Indiana songster's death on July 23, Carman told much about Riley to Mr. Joyce Kilmer of the New York Times Magazine and Mr. Kilmer in turn told it to the public.

Some 30 years ago Carman was introduced to the already famous Hoosier. Riley's keen bird-like eyes surveyed the tall frame of the new and young acquaintance: "Gosh, you're a stalwart, ain't ye?" he remarked, grinning. "I guess your parents must have trained you on a trolly."

Then, as reported by Mr. Kilmer, Carman went on to say:

"The next time I saw Riley was in Philadelphia. I went to read before the Browning society, and I don't mind telling you that I was scared to death. When I got out all alone on the stage and saw a thousand people staring up at me I felt more like running away than doing anything else. But when I saw Riley down in the audience, looking at me in his quaint, friendly way, then I felt all right. I wasn't afraid to read my poetry to Riley."

"After the reading was over Riley tucked me under his arm and said: 'Now, let's get around to the hotel and we'll take off our shoes and get a chew of tobacco and be comfortable.'"

"You know, such remarks as this were all the more poignant because Riley was so very punctilious and scrupulous in all his personal habits. He always was immaculately dressed. I never knew him even to make so much of a concession to comfort as to put on a smoking jacket or a lounge coat. But he liked to go to his room and stretch himself on his bed and talk. And he never talked about anything but literature, chiefly poetry."

"Riley had a great fund of knowledge of poetry and knew lots of out-of-the-way homely verse. He delighted particularly in ridiculously bad newspaper verse."

"Riley liked to read poetry aloud. When I went to his house on an evening, he generally was waiting for me with some favorite book, ready to read aloud."

"What sort of poetry did he prefer?"

"His tastes covered a wide range. Two poets to whom he was especially devoted were Longfellow and Swinburne."

"Riley liked Longfellow's directness and simplicity. The things that pleased him in Swinburne's work were the music and the deft craftsmanship."

"After Riley had received his degrees from some of the colleges, he seemed to feel that he ought to be known as a poet, rather than as a humorist and writer of dialect verse. He tried hard to live up to the name of poet, and wanted his nonsense rhymes of his vagabondage forgotten. Yet his vernacular verse, or, as he called it, his dialect verse, was his chief contribution to literature."

"Riley was just a poet. That was all he ever cared to be. He was not interested in anything but poetry. He knew nothing of politics—he had not voted for 30 years. And as for philosophy, he had nothing but contempt for the modern thinkers."

"There was something very pathetic and charming about Riley's tenacity in holding the serious poet pose. His nonsense was just one of his ways of writing which happened to prove popular; when he got a chance to write in another way how eagerly he seized it, and how persistently he clung to it!"

"His last years were the happiest of his life. I think. He had his own car and rode around Indianapolis and its suburbs every day, generally taking with him some friend. He was honored and loved, and I think he felt that life had been good to him."

"Riley's father was a lawyer. His grandfather came to Indiana from Pennsylvania. His grandmother on his mother's side was Pennsylvania Dutch. His father was Irish."

"Riley had many prejudices. He disliked Poe very much. He disliked Poe's character so much that he could hardly read his poetry. Of course, he must have liked Poe's music and splendid metrical effects."

"Of course, you know the story of Riley's famous imitation of Poe? He had taken a position on the staff of an Anderson, Ind., paper, and the editor of a rival paper kept ridiculing him. Riley



RILEY'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE

wanted to get even with him, so he wrote his imitation of Poe, and had it published in a paper in another part of the state with an elaborate story about the discovery of the manuscript."

"At once it made a great sensation all over the country. It made so great a sensation that Riley was terrified, and feared that he would be accused of literary forgery. Meanwhile the editor of the rival paper wrote: 'No doubt our young friend Riley will belittle this poem and say it is not the work of Poe. But it is Poe, and Poe's best manner.' The sensation grew to such proportions that Riley had to confess that he had written the poem. And then the editor of the paper discharged Riley because he had not published it in his paper."

"Then the Indianapolis Journal gave him a job, which he held for years. He wrote reams of nonsense verse, and wrote up in verse the shops of the merchants who advertised in the Journal."

"Riley's first book was called 'The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Levee More Poems.' He published it himself. It sold so well that it was soon taken over by a publisher, and passed through many editions."

"Riley's exquisite penmanship showed the care with which he wrote. Originally he wrote a careless and rather illegible script, but he had so much difficulty in getting the printers to read his writing, and printing his dialect verse correctly, that he took up the study of penmanship. He was careful always to get the dialect of one part of Indiana as distinct from the dialect of any other part."

"Any man's character," he said, "is best remembered, I suppose, by some of his habitual gestures and expressions." I remember Riley as very deliberate in his motions, especially in his last years. Smooth shaven, ruddy, well groomed, he looked like a benign old English bishop more than anything else."

Mr. Don Marquis of the New York Sun aptly considers Riley and his poetry from an entirely different angle.

"James Whitcomb Riley," says he, "was the companion of fairies in Arcady; for the Hoosier belongs to a race apart. And while some are captured and broken to trade, the gentle poet escaped and kept always the vision of hidden things."

With these prefatory remarks the writer goes on with his essay:

"There are two sorts of Indianans—the ordinary Indianan, who is not so very different from the Ohionan or the Illinoisan, and the Hoosier."

"The Hoosier belongs not merely to a race apart, but to a separate species. He is human, but with a difference; he is aware of the kinship between humanity and the so-called lower animals (and even the plants and streams) on the one side, and on the other side of the kinship of humanity with the elves."

"When the moon turns the mists to silver and the owls wail and the frogs wake up along the creeks and lakes and the fairies saddle and bridle the fireflies and mount them and go whirling and flashing off in search of airy adventures the Hoosiers steal out of the farmhouses and hamlets and creep down to the bottom lands and dance and sing and cavort under the summer stars. They do so secretly, dodging the mere humans, for secrecy is the essence of their midnight, whimsical revels."

"In the daytime they pretend they are just ordinary Indianans; their own brothers and mothers may not realize that they are Hoosiers."

"But in Indiana, as elsewhere, there is business and the need to attend to it. There must have been even in Arcady—somebody owned the flocks and herds of Arcady and turned them into butcher's meat and leather, and the shepherds only pined on the sufferance of their commercial-

minded masters. These Hoosiers, these wild bards and prancing, long-legged lovers of the moon, are often captured and broken and tamed to trade and industry by the more sordid citizenry. They are yoked to the handle end of the plow, chained to the desk; by the hundreds and thousands they become clerks and salesmen and railroad presidents and novelists and business men of all sorts."

"James Whitcomb Riley was a Hoosier who happily escaped; he was never captured, never enslaved; the things hidden from the rest of us, or revealed only in flashes, remembered but vaguely from the days of our own happy Hoosierdom, he continued to see steadily; he lived among them familiarly to the end, and until the end was their interpreter to us."

"'Bud come here to your uncle a spell,' says Riley in effect, 'and I'll show you not only a fairy, but a fairy who has for the moment chosen to be just as much of a Hoosier as the Raggedy Man, or Orphant Annie, or Old Kingy, or the folks at Griggs Station.'"

"The critics and the learned doctors of literature are already debating as to whether Riley had imagination or only fancy. (It would be a terrible calamity to some of them if they said it was imagination and it was officially declared later to be merely fancy; that is the sort of mistake that dauns a critic and makes the sons and grandsons of critics meek, backed, apologetic young men.) And doubtless the point is exceedingly important. For if a poet has imagination they say his work is significant. And if he has only fancy his work is not significant."

"The chief merit of Riley's dialect verse—which is the most popular part of his production and the part with which the critics chiefly concern themselves—is its effectiveness as a medium for character portrayal. Whimsical, lovable, homely, racy, quaint, salty, pathetic, humorous, tender are his dialect poems; essentially, he has shown us life as a superior writer of prose sketches might do, adding the charm of his lyricism."

"But, personally, we never like him so well as when he is writing sheer moonlight and music. Probably no poet who ever wrote English—certainly no American poet—got more luscious language than Riley. A sweetness that is not so sugary that it cloy, having always a winy tang. For instance, from 'The Flying Islands of the Night':

'... in lost hours of lute and song,
When he was but a prince—I but a mouth
For him to lift up sippingly and drain
To his most ultimate of stammering sobs
And maudlin wanderings of blinded breath...'

"There is no better evidence of the genuineness of Riley's sentiment, particularly in the dialect poems, than the discretion with which he touches the pathetic chord when he touches it at all. One of the most popular poems he ever wrote was 'Old-Fashioned Roses,' and one word too much, one pressure the least bit too insistent would have made the thing as offensive as a vaudeville ballad. The taste which told him to be simple and the sincerity which begat the taste save the verses from the reproach."

"His verses for children and about children could only have been written by a man whose love and understanding of children was real, for children are quick to detect and repudiate anything of the sort that is 'pumped up' for effect, and they contributed enormously to the general feeling of affection for him. The regard of the children was in a way a testimonial to his persisting youthfulness of spirit; he was still their playmate; perhaps it is an earnest of immortality. If immortality can be. Certainly love endures longer than anything else, and this man with the childlike sweetness in his soul goes from us loved as few men have been."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Senator Kern Discovers Bad Case of Ignorance

WASHINGTON.—Senator John W. Kern of Indiana had an experience the other day which he will not soon forget. He was crossing the plaza east of the capitol when he was halted by a man and woman with question marks hanging out all over them, obvious signs of sight-seers and strangers in Washington. "What building is that?" asked the man, pointing to the capitol building, which he was facing, and could see its entire length from north to south. The man spoke "United States," his language and tone, as well as his style of dress, showing him to be an educated, pretty well-set-up man.

Senator Kern looked at the man and hesitated just a second, puzzled to know whether the man was making game of him or whether he did not know it was the United States capitol. Presently he replied with a critical smile, "That is the United States capitol."

The man noted the smile and reacted it at once. "Well, I do not see any sign on the building to designate what it is," Senator Kern instantly replied, "No, they take the sign down in hot weather, it warps."

Is there a man, woman or child in the United States who has not at some time or other seen in pictures the great white dome of the United States capitol? Once seen it could not possibly be forgotten. There is not another thing like it in the world, and that any human being would not recognize the Washington monument or the United States capitol building upon sight is almost too incredible for belief.

But Senator Kern tells this story, so what are you going to do about it?

Washington Folk Rediscover the Potomac River

FROM one standpoint the prolonged session of the Sixty-fourth congress has only been prolific of things political, but it has also served to give Washington a place in the hearts of a large number of transient residents only to be gained during the midsummer months. The river for water sports, the fine parks and country roads for driving, country clubs and roof gardens, both private and public, and numerous delightful places for dining and fresco are all revelations to those who see the capital only in its mid-winter or early spring aspect.

Not even by the greatest stretch of the imagination could one call Washington a watering place, or even a summer resort, but since the rediscovery of the Potomac river through the beautiful drives and walks established along its banks, the capital need no longer hold terrors for those who must remain within the ten-mile limit of the District.

No less a personage than President John Quincy Adams waded through the marshes and tangled grass to the banks of the Potomac for an early morning dip, while the same interesting proceeding is recorded of President Taylor.

Today one meets high officials bent upon the same errand, and almost at the same hour of the morning—just about seven o'clock. The secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing are investigating the charms of the municipal bathing pool with covetous eyes, and Mrs. Lansing longs to try out the skill acquired during the winter months at the natatorium on Capitol Hill.

Senator and Mrs. Morris Sheppard can tell you just exactly where to find the best spot in the pool for striking out, or a dive, or just merely to take it easy and float. Often their companions in the pool are Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, both of whom love the water and are expert swimmers; or Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Day, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. Justice Day, or Representative William P. Borah.

A whole cabinet family of enthusiastic swimmers is that of the secretary of war and Mrs. Baker, who often take a plunge twice a day. They have an ideal pool at In the Woods.

What Uncle Sam's Expert on Charred Money Does

MANY thousands of dollars are saved annually for the good, but often careless, people of these United States by Mrs. Amanda E. Brown, the charred money expert of the treasury department. It is Mrs. Brown's duty to put together burned and cut money when offered for redemption. Many interesting stories are told about her work.

Some years ago, so the story goes, a farmer, while feeding his pigs, dropped a roll of bills, which was devoured by one of them. The pig was killed at once and cut open, and the pulp was found. This was sent to the treasury department, the pieces put together and the money refunded to the happy farmer. The rules of the department are to the effect that if a bill can be successfully put together so that two-fifths of it are found, half of the value is refunded; if three-fifths can be put together the whole value is refunded.

Not so long ago someone sent a large number of very small bits of a bill to the department with a statement that they represented \$234. The letter was accompanied by an affidavit to that effect. After many days of work on the part of Mrs. Brown the bits were put together, and it was found that they made a complete one-dollar bill.

The frost line can be traced through the United States each autumn, treasury officials say, through this redemption work. Farmers and others have a habit of hiding money in their stoves. When they light up for the winter, the money is forgotten until it is burned, and the ashes and pieces are sent to the treasury for redemption. Beginning in the North, this same thing occurs until even the Southern farmer is turning in his burned money, when he gets cold enough to light his stove. Each year more than 2,000 such cases are sent to the department.

Rifle Practice Becomes a Fad in the Capital

IF YOU chance to be passing near Fourteenth and E streets and are attracted by rifle shots, screams, and shouts, be not alarmed—the danger is little. Investigation will show that the rifles are being fired in the gallery of the National Rifle Association of America; the screams are from timid women just learning the use of firearms, and the shouts emanate from husky men who have just rung the bull's-eye.

Every day a line of people files into the temporary gallery to take advantage of the free use of guns and ammunition which the organization has offered to the public. The crack of the rifles is continuous.

Instructors are kept busy explaining the gun, the shoulder hold, the finger grip, and, most of all, the target. The big fat man who approaches the rail with a confident smile and bangs unsuccessfully 20 times, and then explains what a wonderful shot he once had seen, was there. The tall, thin chap, who seems to strain under the weight of the gun and complains of his bad sight, was also there. He squinted 40 times before pulling the trigger, just to prove his assertion. Also there was the athletic fellow with the bulldog jaw who went about shooting targets as though it was part of his day's work. He took his time and hit the bull.

And, best of all, there were pretty young girls, anxious to be instructed. The only trouble the instructors had with them, after getting them to hold the gun, was to convince them that it was impossible to hold one's hands over one's ears and fire the gun at the same time. And the little scream came every time the rifle barked.



The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery

Their Care and Cultivation



A Class in Bulb Planting.

ABOUT BULB PLANTING

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

When should bulbs be planted? Is a question often asked. Bulbs should be put into the ground as soon as they can be procured from the dealer. This is generally in September or October.

The impression prevails to a large extent that bulbs can be planted any time during the fall. That is, that it is safe to put them out any time before the ground freezes.

This is a mistake which grows out of a lack of knowledge of the plants' habits.

A bulb makes an annual growth of roots during the fall. These are the roots which support it next spring while it is blooming.

Unless this root-growth is completed in the fall it will give a crop of inferior flowers, as the incomplete work of autumn will be taken up where it was interrupted by cold weather and carried on to completion while the plant is trying to produce a crop of flowers.

This makes it attempt to do double duty on a slender stock of vitality. Late planted bulbs, therefore, should always give us inferior flowers, and often none at all.

This explains why it is advisable to plant bulbs as early in the fall as possible.

Give them ample time to develop their roots before cold weather puts an end to the work of the season and you want them to give you the flowers next spring.

HOW TO USE A HOE

So many people have a horror of using a hoe. It is the most comfortable implement to be found in the equipment of a gardener or farmer. It is so handy to use for so many purposes that one cannot get along without it.

Probably one reason that people do not like a hoe is that most hoes explain at once how "dull as a hoe" came into proverbial use.

A dull hoe is certainly not a pleasant implement with which to work. The good gardener will keep his favorite hoe filed to a sharp edge all the time. It is impossible to grind a hoe on a grindstone because the level must be on the upper side of the blade when it is in use, in order to make the hoe "bite" into the soil.

File your hoe, making the bevel about twice as wide as the thickness of the blade. Then keep it bright, and when you go out after weeds the hoe slips through the soil so easily that hoeing is not much like hard work.

In hoeing, a long, slow movement should be made, if the soil is in good condition. Simply "scuffing" half an inch of the top soil is enough to kill weeds, and one can go over a lot of

ground in one day if the hoe is sharp and bright and the strokes long and smooth.

With a sharp hoe one can cut thistles, docks, dandelions and other noxious weeds with quickness, dispatch and ease. It is light to handle, easy to use and more effective than any other implement for many purposes.

In choosing a hoe, select one the blade of which lies not quite flat on the floor when you are standing erect, with the hoe handle extending from your hands when in working position to the floor. The heel of the hoe should not quite touch the floor from this position.

Such a hoe will bite into the soil easily, when it is bright and sharp, and will work smoothly and effectively.

Sharpen the hoe as soon as it gets noticeably dull. This will be hard on the hoe, but it saves muscle, and hoes are cheap.

Carry a small flat file in your hip pocket, and do not allow a nick to stay in the hoe a minute after it is made.

WORK WITH SICK PLANTS

Christmas cactus needs but little room and the soil should be porous, rather sandy with good drainage. It is liable to lose its roots if kept too wet.

Watering a cactus too freely sometimes causes it to rot off at the base. Take the plant off, cut away the decayed part with a sharp knife, let it dry a few hours, then insert a half inch, in moist sand, and it will throw out new roots. It can then be re-potted.

Cactuses, as a rule, are injured by too free watering during winter.

If your plants get broken, if it is not entirely separated from the main stalk, straighten it back into position carefully and wind a narrow strip of cloth around the break, as you would bandage a broken limb. Leave one end of the strip long enough to fasten to a slender stake set upright in the pot to hold the plant. Wet the bandage thoroughly every day and leave until you are sure the break is healed.

Sometimes a good treatment of letting alone is the best thing that can be given a discouraged or sulky plant. Many things are killed by kindness or what is intended to be such.

Gas-heated rooms unless well ventilated are bad for plants.

Keep the plants clean and whole-some. Dust and disease go together.

Clogged drainage and too liberal watering will sour the soil, ruin the foliage or kill the plant.

Remember it is the weakened plant that is the easy prey to disease and insects, owing to bad conditions.

A chilly temperature will cause begonias to drop their leaves; when once chilled it will take several weeks to recover from it.



Cactus Has Been Wonderfully Developed Until Today One Sees It in Varied Forms.

SUBMARINE MINE LAYER CAPTURED

Strange German Craft Is Caught Off East Coast of England.

DARING DEED BY OFFICER

Goes Down in Diving Suit and Detonates Detonators From Mines—Novel Boat Is Laid Up in the Thames.

London.—A queer German submarine, caught just as it was about to lay mines off the East coast, has been placed on exhibition in the Thames and viewed by hundreds of thousands of sightseers.

This is not one of the fast, big U-boats which have preyed on shipping, but a little fellow without guns or torpedo tubes, built solely for mine-laying.

Some weeks ago a British destroyer was out exercising off the coast. When she sighted this submarine, the German boat was in difficulties. It was misty weather. The destroyer drew close and the English seamen noticed that all the crew of the U-boat seemed to be on deck.

The British commander called out for the Germans to surrender. The latter hauled down their flag and put their hands above their heads. At a word from their commander they jumped into the water and swam for dear life away from the ship.

Saves the Ship.

Internal explosions followed and at

heavy-oil engines and electric accumulators charged before leaving port. She crawls along at a speed of only six knots.

Her officers and crew numbered 16 persons in all and they were very uncomfortably crowded when their boat was under water.

CHILD'S SKELETON IN CAVE

Interesting Discoveries Made on a Farm in Dry Rock Canyon in Utah.

Vernal, Utah.—A cave in which on a solid rock wall there is the imprint of a human hand as if it were made when the rock was plastic has been discovered on the farm of John W. West in Dry Rock canyon, eight miles northwest of this town. On the rock are all sorts of hieroglyphics and the cave contained the skeleton of a child wrapped in bark, Indian fashion.

In removing ash heaps West found corn-cobs, a few grains of corn and an arrow of cane spoked with green-wood. He regrets now that he did not preserve the kernels of corn and plant them in hope that corn of an ancient culture might be again produced, but at the time he thought, of course, their presence among the ashes precluded the possibility of life germs being retained. The arrow was kept, but the bark-wrapped skeleton was put into a five-gallon can and buried.

POKER CHIPS RUNNING SHORT

Card Players May Get Relief Through Discovery of Large Deposit of Barite in Texas.

Llano, Tex.—It has been several years since open gambling was allowed in Texas. Even poker playing is becoming an almost lost art. Few people realize that there now exists an unprecedented shortage of poker

HAVE TOO MUCH LEISURE IN AIR

Aviator Says There Isn't Enough to Do While Flying Aloft.

THRILLING TALES OF AIR

"Sail for Hours Without Putting a Hand on Lever," Says One—Clouds Most Deadly Things They Have to Fear.

London.—The hardest part about flying in war is the thinking that a flying man has to do. Here's the idea in an English flying man's own words:

"There isn't enough to keep a man's mind busy in the air since the war has developed the aeroplane. In the old days of the aeroplane there were so many things a flying man had to watch that he didn't have time to worry about what might happen to him. But in these days sitting in your machine is about like sitting on a log and waiting for something to happen.

"We don't have to use our hands as we used to. There is only one lever, and you don't have to watch that very closely. You can fly for hours without having your hand on it. You can write or read or smoke, and unless you touch the lever to change its position you will fly along at the same level indefinitely owing to the self-stabilization of the machine.

Look Down; Watch Shells.

"So, with your attention only mildly occupied, you keep looking down over the edge to see what's happening. You get to watching the wires and wondering what would happen if a bullet cut one of them. You look at the frail irons and consider how frail they really are. Shrapnel is breaking below you and around you, perhaps. That's a daily occurrence. There's no use of trying to dodge it, for by doing so you may only run into it.

"So there you sit imagining all sorts of horrible possibilities. You've been told to go to a certain place and then return. Your route is all laid out for you and your duties are so simple and easy that while you're performing them you have a thousand times too much spare time for thought and worry. As for myself, I'd much rather have the aeroplane a less simple affair, just to have my attention occupied. An imagination is a curse to a flier."

And then there's the problem of the whirling compass.

An airman flies into a cloud; suddenly the finger of his compass begins to whirl around like a clock gone mad. Scientists say it doesn't whirl, but so many English airmen have had the experience that even the scientific men are wondering whether the phenomenon isn't worth studying.

The Whirling Compass.

Here's a flying man's side of it: "My compass finger has whirled like a top when I have gone into a cloud. It's enough to turn you demented. It's bad enough, goodness knows, to be lost in a cloud, but to have your compass go back on you at the same time is too much. Our scientific instructors tell us that the compass doesn't change but that we lose our heads when we get into the mist and change our courses without realizing it, so that the compass indicator changes naturally.

"But in some clouds your compass doesn't change. It remains as steady as it was in the sunshine. Why should a flier jiggle his course unknowingly in one cloud and not in another? My opinion is that there are certain kinds of clouds that are charged with electricity. In such clouds your compass goes crazy. In other words, where electricity is not present your compass behaves itself."

How far are the clouds above the earth? As high above as we wish to climb. But the chief question with a flying man is how low the clouds are. A crack English flier told the correspondent something about low clouds.

"You may be walking along the street on a heavy day and, looking up, may think that the clouds are miles high. As a matter of fact they may be only 200 or 300 feet above you. That's the kind of a day that the airman dreads. I've been lost in a cloud in France and come down out of it only to find myself flying around among the church steeples of a French town, with good chances of killing myself."

"In a cloud you can never tell whether you're over the enemy's lines. You may come right down into his trenches before you know it. Clouds, the low kinds, are the most deadly things we have to fear."

Little Boy a Hero.

Janesville, Wis.—Theodore Snyder, seven years old, son of Claud Snyder, who resides on a farm six miles north of the city, is hailed by his playmates as a youthful hero. When the home occupied by the Snyders suddenly took fire during the absence of both mother and father, young Snyder's first thoughts were of the six-months-old baby who lay on a cot in one of the front rooms. While he sent the other children for aid he hurried into the house and carried out the infant and its bed. The house and its entire contents were destroyed before neighbors arrived.

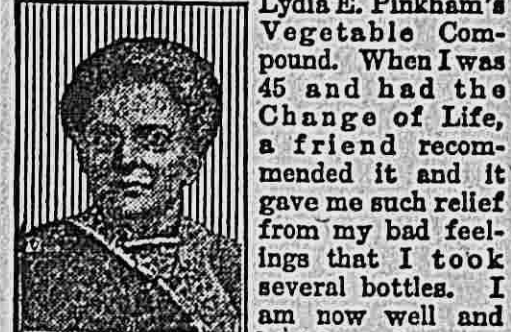
Gives Skin to Save Wife.

Tulsa, Okla.—To save the life of his wife who was believed to be fatally injured by a gasoline explosion at her home in this city recently, H. L. De Witt submitted to the removal of 100 square inches of cuticle which was at once grafted on the wounds of his wife, who is in a hospital. The grafting was successful and Mrs. De Witt will recover.

ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were Carried Safely Through Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies."

—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis.

A Massachusetts Woman Writes:

Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

—Mrs. PIERRE COURNOYER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

Hypnotism. "Do you believe this assertion that anybody can be hypnotized?" "Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "I understand that the old mesmerists used to start by holding some shining substance before their eyes. I know a lot of men who seem to lose their ordinary ideas if you show them a silver dollar."

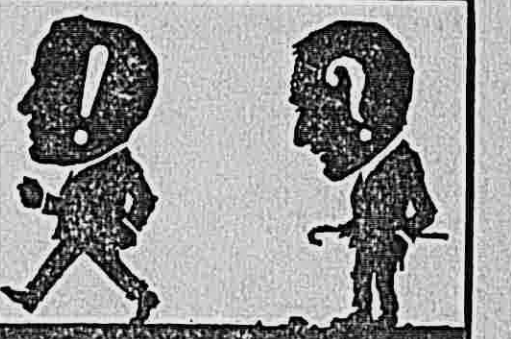
Think of Noontime! The ship's officer was talking to the inquisitive old lady who was making her first sea trip. "There goes eight bells," he said. "Excuse me, it is my watch below." "Mercy on us," exclaimed the lady. "Does your watch strike as loud as all that?"

Obtrusive Garment. Miss Ruffles—Look at the green and white striped sweater the blonde in the next foursome is wearing! Mr. Truffles—Anything as loud as that is distracting and should be suppressed under the head of unnecessary noises.—Judge.

Too Suggestive. "I wish our landlady wouldn't read the war news so attentively." "Why, why is that your business?" "My business? Great Scott, man, she's put us all on meat cards for twice-a-week days."

Home, Sweet Home. Tommy (home on leave after 15 months in the trenches and ready to praise all familiar things)—Hey, Jimmy! Don't the gas works smell lovely?—London Sketch.

Most contributors to charity manage to be caught in the act.



Two Fellows

are trying to get ahead.

It's easy to see who'll win. If you have any doubt about coffee holding some people back—in fact many—leave the hesitating class, stop coffee ten days, and use

POSTUM

This delicious pure food-drink, made of wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, has a delightful, snappy flavor. It is free from the drugs in coffee and all harmful ingredients.

Postum is good for old and young, and makes for health and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Will Fisher is a recent purchaser of a Ford.

D. R. Manzer and wife spent Labor day at Woodstock.

Jay Miller of Waukegan spent Sunday with relatives here.

Thos. Sexton occupied the Hussey cottage over Labor day.

Miss Marie Kapple of Grayslake spent last week with relatives here.

The Hamlin families enjoyed an outing at Lake Geneva Sunday.

Albert Kapple made an auto trip to Lake Geneva Sunday with a party.

Mrs. Martin was called to the city early this week by the serious illness of her sister.

John Cribb and wife and Miss Mary Kerr made a business trip to Waukegan Friday.

Geo. Mitchell, Edgar Kerr and Paul Avery are in Northern Wisconsin on a fishing trip.

Mrs. Annie Webster of Oak Park visited her brother's family here the first of the week.

Miss Ella McNamara of Chicago was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spring have moved to Millburn where they have recently purchased a home.

Mrs. R. H. Sherwood went to the city last week and is in a hospital, recovering from a serious operation.

Orville Talbot, wife and two sons of Chicago are spending some time with his parents, Dr. Talbot and wife.

Mrs. Ruth VanPatten entertained cousins, John Malony and the Misses Swift of Chicago over Labor day.

The grading between Nadr's and the cemetery proved to be quite a 'slippery slide' for autoists Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Anna Petree returned to her home in the city Monday after two week's visit with her cousin, Mrs. Fred Hamlin.

Mrs. Chas. Glosser and son Earl of Maywood are spending the week at Jas. Atwell's. The young man is recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. King, Mrs. Mary King, Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller attended the funeral of Otis Smith, Mr. King's son-in-law at Ivanhoe last Friday.

A public dance was held in the Barnstable hall Saturday evening for the purpose of raising funds for building a sidewalk from the park to Cedar Lake. Quite a start has been made.

E. L. Wald and family returned Sunday from their auto trip. Mr. Wald met Mrs. Wald and the girls on the way home from Denver, at Alta, Iowa, where they visited Rev. Nixon and family, who formerly lived here, and where they had a very pleasant visit.

Our young people have gone out to various places for their high school work this year: Helen Kerr and Clayton Hamlin, go to Antioch; Mabel Falch and Ruby Leonard, to Chicago; and James Leonard will attend school at Ottawa, Kansas. He went to the city Saturday to spend a few days before starting for Kansas.

HICKORY

Geo. Kennedy spent Sunday in Waukegan.

Curtis Wells and family spent Sunday at Will Hook's.

School began Monday with Miss Viola Griswold, as teacher.

Gordon Wells spent Sunday with his brother at Millburn.

A new silo was erected on the Olsen farm the first of this week.

Mrs. Bert Edwards entertained relatives from Chicago over Sunday.

Ned Pratt and wife of Druce Lake called at A. T. Savage's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Olsen and son of Chicago spent over Sunday at T. Garrett's.

The Ladies Aid society will meet at Hickory church on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 13. Supper will be served. Everyone invited.

Great Family of Smiths.

In England and Wales there are approximately eight hundred bearers of any one surname on an average. The Smiths alone number more than 400,000, or 500 times as many. The great family can boast of more men of distinction who have helped to make the empire what it is than the bearers of any other name.

Where Trade Does Not Stop. This might be used as the basis for a maxim: "Trade goes past the door of the man who does not flag it."

WILMOT

School begins Tuesday, Sept. 5.

Ben Nett and wife entertained company from Bassett Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Madden of Kenosha spent Sunday with home folks.

Geo. Higgins and wife enjoyed an auto trip to Whitewater Sunday.

Chas. Luke of Kenosha was an over Sunday visitor with his parents.

Geo. Benedict, wife and daughter of Hebron are visiting Wilmot people.

Wm. Volbrecht and wife entertained company from out of town Saturday.

Chas. Bruel entertained a number of boy friends from Chicago over Sunday.

Bert Dean, wife and baby of Silverlake spent Sunday with their parents here.

Misses Alice Bufton and Sadie Bouden expect to leave soon for Billings, Montana.

The Misses Lampe have returned to their home in Kenosha after a few days visit with Wilmot friends.

Miss Lela Kennedy has returned back to the telephone office after spending a number of weeks in Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonie and Mr. and Mrs. Shotliff entertained company from Beloit and Rochester Sunday.

Mr. Meinheart, who has taught here before will teach here this year. He is one of the finest principals in the state.

Miss Straesburg of Fort Atkinson, Miss Faber of Marshfield and Miss O'Connor of Beloit returned Monday where they will teach the coming year.

There are many reasons why every boy and girl of school age in this village and vicinity should enroll in some department of the Wilmot high school. It should be known by every one that we have the best high school from far. The general condition of our school in regards of management, organization, equipment and scholarship is very good, you certainly have a right to be proud of the excellent work that is being done in this school. A little interest manifested by the parents and a word of encouragement is often all that is needed.

MILLBURN

Mr. and Mrs. Spring moved into their new home Wednesday.

A. K. Bain and family motored to Racine Sunday to visit his brother and family.

Archie Webb, wife and son motored to Pontiac, Ill., to visit relatives for a week.

Ray Eusden spent the past week with the Bonner families before returning to his home in Iowa.

The Millburn Ladies Aid society will have their regular monthly meeting on Sept. 14. Supper served.

Lawrence Gail of Chicago and Bert Gail of Highland Park are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Menzo Webb.

The Angola Cemetery society will meet at the home of Mrs. Lucinda Cribb in Antioch, Friday, Sept. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. White and Earl White entertained Mrs. Baker and Miss Johnson of Ithica, N. Y., the past week.

Miss M. Watson and niece Miss Ruth Pollock were Chicago visitors Saturday. Miss Inez Pollock accompanied them home.

Miss Annie McCredie will teach the Grubb school. The school is having extensive repairs made and they are not finished.

Ray Backus and a friend from Chicago spent the week-end with his mother. They caught 18 pickerel in Hasting Lake.

Roy Dawson of Minnesota, formerly of Millburn spent the week-end with his sisters, Mesdames L. S. Bonner and V. H. Strang.

Vera and Max Irving, Lyman Thain, Ruth Pollock and Stanley, Elmer and Marshall Jack are attending High School at Antioch.

Another Way to Rejuvenate Eggs. A Maryland man has found a means of preserving eggs with a substance known as "liquid petrolatum," which he claims will rapidly penetrate eggs, when applied externally, and make them proof against moisture or bacteria. The preserving substance is a mixture of hydro-carbons. When properly treated, eggs can be preserved under a normal temperature for many weeks without deteriorating.—Popular Science Monthly.

Good in Traveling Libraries. The traveling libraries which are being sent into many sections of the country are making many lives happier.

TREVOR

Wm. Evans was in Camp Lake Tuesday.

Miss Patrick was a Chicago passenger Monday.

Gus Drom of Chicago called on Byron Patrick Saturday.

Mrs. Mickle was a Chicago shopper Friday and Saturday.

Albert Mutz and family spent the week-end with home folks.

Mrs. Mathews entertained company from out of town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. VanOsdel are entertaining their son and wife of Chicago.

Mrs. Yopp and daughter spent Thursday with her sister at Camp Lake.

Quite a few from here attended the Old Settlers picnic at Paddock's lake Thursday.

Mrs. Arthur Parks and Mrs. Walter Baethka and son were Burlington shoppers Tuesday.

Bernard Yopp, Harold Mickle, Milton Patrick and Dorothy Taylor are attending the high school at Wilmot.

Mrs. Hanneman and daughter and Mrs. Smith attended the 60th anniversary of the Lutheran church in Kenosha Sunday.

Mrs. Hanneman celebrated her birthday Tuesday by entertaining her daughters, Mrs. Lasco of Twin Lakes, Mrs. Edgar of Antioch and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Mathews of Trevor.

Sunday the Liberty church was occupied by Mr. McFarlin of Moody Institute. For eighteen months Mr. McFarlin assisted the noted evangelist Melvin Trotter.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Nelson and Frank Kavanaugh had a narrow escape from death when their automobile was struck by a motor truck five miles from Chicago. The car was badly damaged when it went into a ditch.

Miss Mary Gaggin and Mrs. Della Sherwood of Antioch had a narrow escape while crossing the Soo Line railroad at the crossing south of town last Wednesday evening when the car which Mrs. Sherwood was driving collided with the switch engine. Miss Gaggin was thrown out and badly bruised.

Gave Her Away.

Little daughter was visiting her grandmother and Aunt Marie. Marie is quite popular and has a number of admirers. It so happened that a dark-haired young man called one evening and a light-haired young man called the following evening. Little daughter greeted caller No. 2 with "Why, you were here last evening, but you had black hair."

In Praise of Life on Farm.

If every child were in a home and every home in a garden, most of the social ills would disappear. Moral: Be glad you live on a farm.

Farmer Must Be an Expert.

We live in an age of mechanical farming; the "man with the hoe" is a has-been. The farmer of the future will be a machine expert.

WHAT ONE BIG MAN THINKS OF ANOTHER

President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, is a pretty live wire who keeps abreast of the times, has keen powers of observation, and knows a good man when he sees him. Here is what he has to say about the Republican Candidate for the Presidency:

"I have known Justice Hughes intimately since we were students together at Brown and have seen him a thousand times at work and at play. No man of our generation has a finer combination of character and intellect. Absolutely fearless, unselfish, loyal to American ideals, he is worthy of a nation's trust. "All his friends know that behind the dignity of bearing is a rich fund of humor and good fellowship. Whether he is climbing a mountain, reading novels, playing with his children, resisting a political lobby or delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, he is ever the same rugged, democratic, fair-minded American. His varied experience has given him wide horizon and sympathy with every aspect of American life.

"He possesses two qualities rarely found together—the judicial temper and the capacity for swift and resolute action. Under his administration the fog which now besets many public questions would be cleared away.

"His penetrating mind goes to the heart of any subject he selects and strips off the irrelevant at once. Such a mind is peculiarly needed amid the intricate problems that now confront America.

"We need more than good intentions. We need clear vision, sound judgment, strong will, unhesitating decision. In short, we need Charles E. Hughes."



ROBERT CARTER
CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

"Well, I reckon he will find out next November!"

BLOODY PROSPERITY.

"No one disputes a temporary prosperity in our land today. But it is sectional in its factory aspect, abnormal in its fevered rush, fictitious in its essentials, and perverting in its tendency. Worse, it is the gold sluiced from the river of blood, poured out by the horrifying sacrifice of millions of our fellow men. God forbid that we should boast a prosperity wrought in such waste of human life. We had rather rejoice in the prosperity of peace."—United States Senator Warren G. Harding.

UNITED STATES HONOR.

Hughes' Criticism of Foreign Policy Approved in West.

(Portland, Ore., Telegram.)

The Republican party has selected a standard-bearer whose utterances from day to day justify the people who chose him. Not only does he bring before the country the shortcomings of the Administration that owes its existence to a divided Republicanism, but his criticism is everywhere constructive.

He tells what must be done and will be done by the party he represents to prevent wastefulness and extravagance in the governmental expenditures and to put a stop to the vacillating policy that has caused other nations to believe that the United States has no intention of backing up its demands made in the interests of justice and humanity.

Most vulnerable of all points in the Democratic armor is its foreign policy. Primarily this is because of the spoils system by which men trained in the consular and diplomatic service through long years, have been displaced to make room for politicians and friends of politicians, whose sole claim to preferment was their service to the Democratic party.

"If I am elected president of the United States," said Mr. Hughes last night, "I propose that every man I put in charge of an important department shall be a man eminently fit to discharge the duties of that department."

The denuding of the diplomatic service of men of experience in order to supply political jobs, as has been done by Mr. Wilson, or with his consent, Mr. Hughes denounces as "a capital offense—trading in the good name of the United States and damaging its honor." "Nobody," he adds, "has a right to pay political debts with the good name and honor of the United States."

Which is clear proof that Mr. Hughes has not been unmindful of the high principles of government which must be maintained in order that this republic shall maintain its place as a shining example to all nations.

To the Voters of Antioch Township:--

If elected State's Attorney of Lake County I have pledged myself to the adjustment of the situation in our county treasurer's office. At present Lake County money is drawing two per cent. The money of the city of Waukegan is drawing three per cent. This condition has existed during the present State's Attorney's administration. If elected State's Attorney I propose to notify the county treasurer to place the county funds in that bank which is the highest responsible bidder from the stand point of interest. If this is not done I will present the facts to the Grand Jury and ask that the county treasurer be indicted for misconduct in office.

In a public address in the Village of Antioch I stated that I was under obligations to no man or set of men in the Township of Antioch. This is the exact truth. If nominated and elected I am in a position to treat every citizen of Antioch fairly and impartially and will do so.

One of my opponents has indulged in frequent and cruel personalities during this campaign. I have not seen fit to respond to these in kind. My fight has been against string rule in Lake County and back of me in this fight are a substantial number of the citizens of Lake County. I believe that I shall be nominated and if nominated and elected, I will enforce the law with absolute impartiality. Even-handed justice with no thought as to the political consequences of my conduct has been the slogan of my campaign and will be the policy of my administration.

JAMES G. WELCH

Candidate for State's Attorney of Lake County,
subject to the Republican Primary, Sept. 13th, 1916.